

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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NIGHT AND DAY.

THE day is Thine,—

The long bright summer day,
From the first dawning light till evening closes,
And all its merry birds and blooming roses,
And all its golden beauty bid us say,
The day, O Lord, is Thine.

THE night is Thine,—

The long dark winter's night,
Hushing our birds to sleep, our flowers conceal-
ing;
But, by its hosts as glowing stars, revealing
Through the deep sky, Thy glory and Thy might.
The night, O Lord, is Thine.

And life's brief day
Is also Thine, when we
Must work while light doth last for our dear
Master.

O that our sluggish feet could travel faster,
And we with readier service give to Thee
Our life's fast-fleeting day!

That darker night
Is also Thine, O Lord,
When Thou sweet sleep to Thy beloved givest;
For while they needs must die, Thou ever livest,
And o'er Thy dear ones keepest watch and ward,
Till darkness ends in light.

Sunday Magazine.

C. E. M.

A SPIRITUAL SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

Who in his chamber sitteth lonely,
And weepeth heavy, bitter tears;
To whom in doleful colours only
Of want and woe the world appears;

Who on the past's dim form receding,
As on a gulf, his gaze doth rest,
Down into which a sweet woe pleading,
From all sides draws him to its breast;

Or if as there some treasure fabled
Stored up for him all waiting stands,
Whose lock he gropes for, haste disabled,
With breathless breast and trembling hands;

Who sees the future arid, meagre,
Stretched out before him, horrid lie;
Who lonely roams the waste, and eager
Seeks his old self with restless cry;

Weeping, I clasp him like a lover:
I once as thou didst feel the same;
But I grew well and all is over—
The perfect rest I know it now.

One being soothes all hearts that languish—
Who inly loved, endured, and died;
For those who racked his soul with anguish,
In thousandfold rejoicing died.

He died, and yet, fresh every morrow,
His love and him thou dost behold;
And canst, in every joy and sorrow,
Him in thy arms, love-daring, fold.

From him new life and blood are driven
Through all thy limbs that withering pine;
And when thy heart to him is given,
Then is his heart for ever thine.

Thy loss he found, thy treasure holdeth—
No more thou seekest it in vain;
And evermore thy heart infoldeth
What once his hand gives thee again.

Good Words.

George MacDonald.

PRIMROSE AND VIOLET.

PRIMROSE and violet, down in the lane,
Trod by our footsteps so lightly of old,
I welcome you out of the earth again,
In your shaded purple and sunlit gold.

Only—if only the warm spring sun
Brought back the dead who died with the
flowers!

Ye are so many, and she was but one,
Who faded for ever from my earthly bowers;

Closed her blue eyes as the violets slept,
Sank with the primroses into the earth;
None could awaken her, loud though they wept;
She will not joy in the flowers' new birth.

Primrose and violet! mine still in death
Those of your kindred she gave to me here;
Granting my prayer for her youthful faith,
And she had withered before they were sere.

Yet I must live, and must live for the right—
It is for her and to see her again:
And you—ye shall be where she lies this night,
And die on her dead heart, as I would fain.

Chambers's Journal.

TWO.

THE mirrored moon in the water
Looks up to the moon in the sky,
And seems to be as deep below,
As the heavenly moon is high,
And the water-moon is plain to see
As the moon-ball of eternity.

Our world is a moon in the water
And mirrors a world in the sky,
And joy, a passing shade below,
Will be reality on high—
The good to have, the fair to see,
Will live throughout eternity.

Victoria Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

PART I.

Mr. Ward Beecher and Mr. Spurgeon.

It would be no compliment to call Henry Ward Beecher the American Spurgeon. He may be that, but he is more. If we can imagine Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. John Bright with a cautious touch of Professor Maurice and a strong tincture of the late F. W. Robertson — if, I say, it is possible to imagine such a compound being brought up in New England and at last securely fixed in a New York pulpit, we shall get a product not unlike Henry Ward Beecher.

Mr. Beecher is quite as remarkable for what he lacks as for what he possesses. With the exception of a strong and energetic personality which is highly original — he is almost without originality. He has no mental monomania, no idiosyncrasy, no new "doctrine," no new "tongue," no new "revelation;" and it is altogether remarkable that the two most prominent preachers in England and America respectively should be like in this, that they have added nothing to the fertile field of theological dogmatism. Perhaps we ought to be thankful for the omission — it may be a hopeful sign of the theological times — a new era may be dawning upon a world "weary of the heat and dust of controversy," when men shall no more run to and fro crying *Lo here!* and *Lo there!* because they will feel that the kingdom of God is within them. Perchance the still small voice of common sense has whispered in the ear of each orator, "There is quite enough theology in the world, you need not manufacture any more; do you not think it is time to see about the religion of the people? There has been plenty of theology without religion, can you not fit up some of the old theological vessels (of wrath?) with a good sound freight of religion and morality, instead of sending to sea great argosies of pain and havoc, without a human heart on board, full of brimstone and all ablaze like so many fire-ships?"

As both Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Ward Beecher are emphatically men of the day, each has unconsciously reflected the characteristics of the vast dissenting body over

which he presides. As English dissent in its general tendency is narrow and evangelical, so American dissent is broad and latitudinarian, and these tendencies are faithfully reflected on the one hand by Mr. Spurgeon, and on the other by Mr. Ward Beecher. It is perfectly extraordinary how able and powerful the great Baptist can be within his very narrow doctrinal limits — it is equally remarkable how wide and catholic is the teaching of the great American Congregationalist, and yet how devoid of anything like doctrinal novelty. Whether this be a strength or a weakness, we must leave others to decide; we have already hinted at our own view of the question. He who has no one doctrine around which all others group themselves, and which in his hands becomes a new truth, will leave no school behind him, because he will either leave no formulas or too many. He who has some one point which he has the genius to bring out at the right time, or for the first time, will leave a school strong and coherent enough, but pledged to support one dogma at the expense of every other. If Mr. Spurgeon fails to leave a school it will not be for want of his definite Evangelical cast of doctrine, but merely because he is the eloquent exponent of a dying tradition. The crowds that flock every Sunday to the Metropolitan Tabernacle are not really drawn thither by the doctrine preached there — the same doctrine is constantly heard elsewhere, and inspires the impartial listener with something very unlike religious emotion. Had Mr. Spurgeon lived a century ago, when *conversion* was proclaimed in the form of a mighty reaction against the Slow Church — that word would have been nearly as electric in the mouth of his followers as it is in his own, and he would have founded a school; but as it is, *conversion* has become the stock-in-trade of the Slow Church, which has, in fact, preached itself to death with the watchwords of the faith it once persecuted. But Mr. Spurgeon resembles the last rose of summer. His fragrance is undoubted, his robustness, considering the time of year, remarkable — only he stands blooming alone. His religious influence will, we doubt not, be lasting, but his doctrinal influence will be nothing. Chapels raised by

his exertions have sprung up, and, we trust, will still spring up, throughout the land. Long may they increase and multiply; but in a very few years the men who aspire to fill them will have to preach a doctrine at which the ears of Mr. Spurgeon would probably tingle.

If Mr. Ward Beecher leaves no followers it will not be because his doctrine is obsolete, but because so much of it is already the common property of the world. It is better so. The time must come when all that is true in religious doctrine will be like the air and the sun and the sea—the common property of mankind. Perhaps Mr. Beecher sees this more clearly than other men, and perhaps this is one great secret of his influence.

There is a great deal of plausible and superfine talk about the influence of the pulpit being dead; and if by this is meant that the influence of a good many pulpits is dead, nothing could be at once more true and more fortunate for society. But to talk about the influence of the pulpit itself as an institution being destroyed by the printing press, or the spread of knowledge, is like saying that the influence of corn is going out, since the invention of Australian potted meats. The masses will no doubt now get more meat, and, therefore, will be less utterly dependent upon the baker, but the consumption of flour will probably not decrease, and it is possible that the quality may be improved. Now just as a due proportion of farinaceous food seems essential to the health of civilized communities, so religious eloquence has hitherto been found indispensable to their religious life; there never was a time when an eloquent preacher could not attract a large audience, and even when a dull man chooses to speak about religion, he is certain to get some one to attend to him. It is very possible for literary gentlemen who attend "no regular (nor any other) place of worship," but who kindly devote their eloquent pens to the enlightenment of a grateful public, to suppose that all churches and chapels are either empty or filled with fools, and that all sermons are either dull or fanatical. But a more impartial view of New York and London would probably lead to the modification of these opinions.

When a man in the midcurrent of American civilization steps in between the impatience of American thought and the hungry greed of American money-getting, and for more than twenty years induces a New York congregation of between three thousand and four thousand persons, infinitely more intellectual and more influential than that of Mr. Spurgeon, to listen with rapt attention to the expression of his opinions upon every conceivable subject, we may say, in the words of an influential London paper, "Verily Henry Ward Beecher is a power in the State!" But he has great claims to attention in England. He is already widely known to us by his "Life Thoughts," and several volumes of his published sermons have reached our shores. When he came to London in the midst of the agitation about American slavery, and not long after the appearance of his sister's book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he was looked upon too much as a kind of American Beales. He was run after without being appreciated, and it was generally understood by an influential section of the public that he was lecturing on slavery at Exeter Hall in the character of a rabid political demagogue. We wonder how many now regret having lost the opportunity of listening to perhaps the greatest orator now living. However, before Mr. Beecher left our shores the general public had quite made up its mind about his oratory. It became as difficult to get into any hall where he was going to speak, as it is now difficult to get into the Court where the Tichborne case is going on. The favourite phrase used by the reporters was, "that you could literally have walked upon the heads of the people" assembled to hear him. We hope that before the close of this article our readers will find themselves in the enviable position of sitting in their own arm-chairs instead of Mr. Beecher's narrow and uncomfortable pews, and listening without any unpleasant crush to the utterances of the great American preacher; but if this is to be the case we must ask them to begin by conjuring up Mr. Beecher himself.

Mr. Beecher in Person.

Mr. Ward Beecher was born in 1813, and is now, therefore, nearly sixty years of

age. Every motion and every utterance of the man proves him to be in the full possession of all his remarkable powers of mind and body. A writer in the *Globe* newspaper, who has lately given an account of his experiences in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York, says that Mr. Beecher, in appearance, is very like the actor, Mr. Buckstone, and his preaching is compared to the Falls of Niagara — after which our readers may infer that the Sunday services at Plymouth Church are neither dull nor passionless.

We have before us two portraits. In one Mr. Beecher is sitting down; in the other he is standing up. Yet the impression left on the mind is exactly the same. First, there is a regular American before us — a man who understands the meaning of the monosyllable "cute" — a man of singular "go" — and also, we should say, great wisdom, prudence, and impartiality — a man who can afford to wait and bide his time, and be a master of men by firmness, tact, and intrepidity. In one face, which we suppose is the Buckstone face, there is a slight curl of quiet humour about the upper lip, but humour, we should say, under great control. As he stands — full facing us with his arms folded — in a perfectly easy attitude, he seems to be saying (his own words), "Blessed be mirthfulness — it is one of the renovators of the world: men will let you well-nigh scale them and skin them, if you will only make them laugh. There are a great many men who will not go into the kingdom of God if you approach them soberly, but who will go in if you will weave a sunbeam cord of mirth to draw them in by." It is Mr. Beecher in one of his cheery, hopeful and most irresistible moods.

The other face is more thoughtful and preoccupied. The preacher is not in the pulpit now; he is sitting at home, very grave, but perfectly serene. His side face is turned towards us, and he may be about to reply temperately to some advocate of the "total depravity of man" (again in his own words) — "Human nature is bad enough, but there are many things about it that are good, there are many tendencies in it that are noble. Since there is so much heroism in common life and among

common people, it is a very dangerous habit to speak indiscriminately of the evil side of human nature." There is very little of Niagara about this, but the deep, broad river is not always leaping down precipices; it flows sometimes through simple, green pastures, and is content to fertilize as it sweeps on, territories by no means remarkable for beauty or richness of cultivation.

"But," says a recent eye-witness, who records a sermon preached on Charity, and who is struck with the quiet intellectuality of the opening (after the first half hour or so, we suppose) —

"But by this time the preacher had passed from the quiet stream of discourse into the rapids. He moved quickly about the platform; his gesture became more violent — at last he raised both clenched hands above his head and seemed to rise to twice his height as he poured out a volume of sound which electrified us. He then stopped abruptly, went back to his Bible, and began again calmly — presently to hurry on to new rapids, and to thunder over a fall to another peaceful beginning."

From this it will be seen that Mr. Beecher does not preach from a pulpit, but from a platform, on which is placed a gorgeous arm-chair — the only gorgeous thing in his very plain chapel, except the profusion of flowers or autumn leaves by which at each season of the year he loves to be surrounded during the service, and which he knows how to use so admirably on occasion for illustration and even for argument.

Mr. Beecher was brought up in the country. His novel, "Norwood" — not very readable, by the way, although full of charming passages — abounds in woods and streams, hills, and dales, and flowers. "The willows," he tells us somewhere, "had thrown off their silky catskins, and were in leaf; the elm was covered with chocolate-coloured blossoms, the soft maple drew bees to its crimson tassels." Would that all preachers and writers used no more offensive and superfluous flowers of speech than such as these!

Mr. Beecher's biography, as it appears in biographical dictionaries, is so bare and uninteresting, that it is hardly worth while troubling the reader with it. His life is

in his mind, in his pulpit, and in the hearts of his people. His father was a clergyman and a theological professor. He was educated under him at Lane Seminary. His first cure was at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, where he stayed two years; his next cure was at Indianapolis, where he stayed eight years. He then (1847) came to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, where he has remained ever since, at the head of the largest and most influential congregation in the United States. Besides preaching, he is an eloquent writer and a highly effective lecturer, especially to young men. But if these outlines are meagre, the little autobiographical glimpses we get in his sermons are highly suggestive, and often piquant enough. We have before us six volumes of sermons, four of which at least were all preached between 1868 and 1870; each volume contains between twenty and thirty sermons, and in these volumes we have counted no less than sixty allusions to himself and the history of his life. His teaching is made radiant by his own experience.

When he wants to illustrate the comfort of a powerful, unseen, though protective love, he tells us how, as a boy, he woke up one midsummer night and listened, with a sense of half-uneasy awe, to the wild cry of the marsh birds, whilst the moonlight streamed full into his room; and then, as he grew more and more disturbed, he suddenly heard his father clear his throat "a-hem," in the next room, and instantly that familiar sound restored his equanimity. The illustration is simple, but it hits the mark, and goes well home. His affectionate tributes to his father and mother are constantly breaking forth in spite of himself. "I thank God," he says, "for two things. First, that I was born and bred in the country, of parents that gave me a sound constitution and a noble example. I never can pay back what I got from my parents. . . . Next I am thankful that I was brought up in circumstances where I never became acquainted with wickedness." How delightful it is to think of a man who, without a taint of conscious insincerity, but simply out of the fulness of his heart, can get up before four thousand people, and say:—

"I never was sullied in act, nor in thought, nor in feeling when I was young. I grew up as pure as a woman. And I cannot express to God the thanks which I owe to my mother, and to my father, and to the great household of sisters and brothers among whom I lived. And the secondary knowledge of those wicked things which I have gained in later life in a profes-

sional way, I gained under such guards that it was not harmful to me." (vol. iv., p. 130).

He often dwells upon the observance of the Lord's day, and recalls pleasant anecdotes of the way in which even as a child he grew out of the dry letter into the free spirit of rest, recreation, and worship. "My memory goes back to the Sabbaths of my childhood, to the bright hill-top, to the church bell." Yet he wisely inveighs against making Sunday a dull day to children. "One Sunday afternoon with my aunt Esther did me more good than forty Sundays in church with my father; he thundered over my head, she sweetly instructed me down in my heart." Let all parents mark, learn, and inwardly digest the following hints:—

"I think to force childhood to associate religion with such dry morsels (as the Catechism) is to violate the spirit not only of the New Testament, but of common sense as well. I know one thing, that if I am 'lax and latitudinarian,' the Sunday Catechism is to blame for a part of it. The dinners I have lost because I could not go through 'sanctification,' and 'justification,' and 'adoption,' and all such questions, lie heavily on my memory. I do not know that they have brought forth any blossoms. I have a kind of grudge against many of those truths that I was taught in my childhood, and I am not conscious that they have worked up a particle of faith in me" (vol. ii., p. 226).

Mr. Beecher is never tired of taking us into his greenhouse or showing us over his garden; and much of his teaching could be epitomized in the words of a greater preacher, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow." He describes his gloire de Dijon roses, his apples, his crops, and always *apropos* of something which everybody is the better for hearing about. At last he may be said to get almost too free with his horticultural information—too free for his own interests when he exclaims, "Come up and steal some of my flowers any of you that want to next summer. I shall not miss them. I have so many that you might take a wheelbarrow load and I should have enough the next morning." This requires explanation. Does Mr. Ward Beecher mean that every one is to bring his own wheelbarrow, or that there is to be but one wheelbarrow for four thousand? if four thousand people with four thousand wheelbarrows waited upon him for four thousand loads of flowers, how much would be left for Mr. Ward Beecher the next morning? Of course it all turns on the size and fertility of the reverend gentleman's flower

beds. We are content to put the question and leave it there. It is a very simple sum in arithmetic.

Nothing is too homely to serve his turn.

"I have a cat in the country," he says, "that knowing there is a rat in the drain will lie crouched in the grass for six hours together, waiting for that rat to come out. And I know people that watch at doors where Christians are to come out just as patiently, and with just as much humanity. . . . They spy out the faults of professed Christians, and say, 'If those are Christians, I no not need to become a Christian'."

In another place he tells them that the lock of his door is a very bad one, and that the latch-key requires a deal of humouring. Sometimes when he comes home he has to stand for ever so long trying to get in. But he says to the door, You have got to come open, and you shall come open. Oh, if there was in the soul the same diligence. "Strive (agonize) to enter in." He has a wonderful way of importing his leisure hours into the pulpit, and making the great cooped-up multitude feel something of the joy and freshness of his own exhilaration. One golden day above others seems to have dwelt in his mind. He refers to it again and again.

"When I walked one day on the top of Mount Washington — glorious day of memory! Such another day I think I shall not experience till I stand on the battlements of the new Jerusalem — how I was discharged of all imperfection; the wide far-spreading country which lay beneath me in beauteous light, how heavenly it looked, and I communed with God. I had sweet tokens that he loved me. My very being rose right up into his nature. I walked with Him, and the cities far and near of New York, and all the cities and villages which lay between it and me, with their thunder, the wrangling of human passions below me, were to me as if they were not."

Some of his sermons are full of vacation-rambles. He passes through woods and gardens and plucks flowers and fragrant leaves, which will all have to do service in Brooklyn Church; he watches the crowded flight of pigeons from the treetops, and thinks of men's riches that so make themselves wings and fly away. As he scales the mountains and sees the summer storms sweep through the valleys beneath him, he thinks of the storms in the human heart — "many many storms there are that lie low and hug the ground, and the way to escape them is to go up the mountain sides and get higher than they are."

Mr. Beecher's travels in Europe were not thrown away upon his ardent and artistic temperament. He has stood before the great pictures to some purpose, and has not failed to read their open secret.

"Have you ever stood in Dresden to watch that matchless picture of Raphael's, the 'Madonna di San Sisto'? Engravings of it are all through the world; but no engraving has ever reproduced the mother's face. The Infant Christ that she holds is far more nearly represented than the mother. In her face there is a mist. It is wonder, it is love, it is adoration, it is awe — it is all these mingled, as if she held in her hands her babe, and yet it was God! That picture means nothing to me as it does to the Roman Church; but it means everything to me, because I believe that every mother should love the God that is in her child, and that every mother's heart should be watching to discern and see in the child, which is more than flesh and blood, something that takes hold of immortality and glory."

He likens the early heroes of the world battling under rude circumstances with imperfect means to Van Eyck's pictures, where the drapery looks like tin for stiffness, and yet you can hardly stand before them without tears in your eyes. They are beautiful in spite of all the infelicities of an early school of painting; a nation is thrilled even by rough heroes. History has been made radiant by them; the heart answers to every exhibition of moral excellence and moral truth.

Without violating the seal of any confession, he constantly permits us to see how intimate are his relations with those who have learned to trust and love him. He tells us of a man who came a long distance to ask him to save him from impending ruin. Of another who told him how he had first come to believe in God and religion through finding himself wholly unequal to the task of conducting a large overgrown school. On another occasion he says: —

"There came to me last week one whose bad ways I had known, and whom I had avoided, supposing that he was but a sponge; but, having since January last maintained a better course, he came to me, and, to my surprise, spoke of his past life, of his degradation, of his new purpose, and said, 'The kindness that some friends have shown me has been very comforting and very encouraging.' As I sat there my heart trembled. I rebuked myself that I had ever had any other thought than that he might be rescued; and as he went on my heart went out towards him. I longed to take him up in my arms, and out of the entanglements and temptations that beset him, and make a man of him."

We have given but a fragment of the passage — again it is Mr. Beecher in one of his irresistible moods. From fragments here and there we might imagine that Mr. Beecher was conceited and egotistical, but he is only so in the same sense in which Mr. Spurgeon has been called profane. The orator who can create an atmosphere makes almost everything lawful to himself. But it does not follow that everything which he says in the warm midcurrent of feeling which he has created will bear repeating in the cold and limp atmosphere of unsympathetic gossip. Mr. Beecher is indeed full of an unconscious egotism, which is one of the most charming traits about him. He speaks before assembled thousands as simply and as unconstrainedly as if he were standing and chatting on his own hearthrug at home. In short, he talks about himself to his friends as much as ever he chooses, but always like one who knows that he is in sympathy with them, and they with him. "There is nothing that comforts me so much as to know that my preaching has made you better."

"I am angry when I hear people talk of the awful responsibility of being a minister. People sometimes say to me, 'I should think you would shudder when you stand up before your congregation.' I shudder! What should I shudder for? Do you shudder when you stand up before a garden of flowers? Do you shudder when you go into an orchard of fruit in October? Do you shudder when you stand up in the midst of all the richness and grandeur of nature? I shudder in your midst? 'But the responsibility!' I have no responsibility. I am willing to do my duty; and what more is there than that? I will not stand for the consequences. I will do the best I can. I will say the best things I can every Sunday; I will bring the truth home to you; and I will do it in the spirit of love. Even when I say the severest things it is because I am faithful to love. 'But your care!' I have not a bit of care, I forget the sermon a great deal quicker than you do. 'Your burden!' I have no burden. I take up the battle, and I lay the battle aside again as soon as it is over. And I shall sleep to-night as sweetly as any man that is here. And every man that is in the ministry, and is willing to love men, and be faithful to them, will find joy in it from day to day."

No preacher ever impressed us more with the feeling of living with the life of his people. He wishes to be one with them, not underrating their difficulties, not imposing imaginary and disheartening standards of life and conduct, but with each new standard supplying a motive power, that so none may put their hand to the plough and turn back. Although he

would always rather rejoice with them than suffer with them, he is content to bear their sorrows, hear their confessions, and be depressed by their doubts and trials. There is something almost Pauline in the way he seems at times to lift the burden of each one individually, to hold on to the souls of his people as one who cannot bear to let them go, whilst feeling that they must go, and are going "from the great deep to the great deep."

We shall close our personal glimpses of the great American preacher with these very touching words. They occur at the end of a long and glorious evening sermon, all through which we cannot help feeling that the congregation must have hung upon his lips, so gracious and searching, so sustained and tender is he throughout.

"I linger, and yet I know that it is in vain by added words or by intenser expressions to reach the heart. My dear brethren and friends, I am joined to you to-night in sympathy, I am joined to you in love. We are pilgrims together, we are moving on — of this we are conscious. My sight grows dimmer, whiteness is coming on these locks, and you are keeping company; I observe it. Those who were little children when I came here are now carrying their little children in their arms. The young men with whom I took counsel are now speaking with their grandchildren," &c.

Some of his most eloquent passages are not always the most grandiloquent; but his words come kindled from the fire that glows in his heart, and although he has laid aside many tricks of the old and stately rhetoric, he has gained proportionably in a certain incomparable vigour and directness of address. But we shall have abundant occasion to show that he can be stately enough, rhythmic, and at times almost lyrical. The reader of his sermons must not be affronted at a few Americanisms, and some strange words here and there that he has perhaps never had the advantage of hearing before. What "dark and pokerish" may mean we hardly know; what "thin and slazy song" may be we are at a loss to conjecture. We have noticed many other strange words, such as "scrawny," "demark," "bested," "avertneas," &c., but we need not dwell upon them, as we have much more important work on hand.

Mr. Beecher's Theology.

The days of stilted preaching are over. If a man has got anything to say people are, and always will be, glad to hear him; but if he has nothing to say let him hold his peace. Never was there a greater im-

patience with mere rhetoric than in these latter days. People may say that whole speeches of Mr. Gladstone are mere rhetoric, but what seems only rhetoric to persons out of sympathy with the Premier (1871), is not rhetoric to him or to those who understand him, it is merely the expression of a power to will and to do. When a man's words are understood to mean this he will be listened to in the Senate or in the Pulpit, and he will have the privilege of conveying his meaning in any way he pleases. Mr. Ward Beecher fully avails himself of this privilege. Nothing comes amiss to him. As for the dignity of the pulpit, he knows of no dignity save the dignity of doing good, of winning men by all means, of talking common sense in the most forcible manner possible.

Like almost every great preacher, Mr. Beecher is a real humourist; his satire burns, but it does not harden; he will laugh men out of their sins if he cannot otherwise persuade them, and he will show how very ridiculous an action may be, when he feels that no other kind of denunciation is likely to affect his hearers. There is one very amiable and singular trait about his teaching. It is the justice usually done to his opponents. He will show what he thinks good in them; he will state their case for them, better perhaps than they could state it for themselves, and when the point of antagonism is reached, instead of scolding them with polemical invective, he will hold not them, but their erroneous opinions, up to the mildest, most good-natured, but most irresistible ridicule.

But it is now time to turn from general characteristics to the subject-matter itself of Mr. Ward Beecher's preaching, which we venture to say will bear a little close attention. His fertility and freshness are alike remarkable.

"I asked," says a casual attendant at Mr. Beecher's church, "I asked a gentleman who sat behind me whether he was a regular attendant, and if so, whether he remarked any difference in the quality of the sermons or any repetition. He said 'I have sat here five years and I never heard any man repeat himself so little. I have heard other celebrated preachers, and have heard no one equal to him; as for the sermon to-day it was not better or worse than his discourses in general. It was an average sermon.' And this is quite the impression left on the reader who chooses to study — we will not say wade through, for it is more light reading than wading — the six volumes before us.

A man who undertakes to treat the whole of human life from the moral standpoint has set himself no easy task. He who would do justice to all the various theological tendencies of his own age, has entered upon a field of difficult and perilous action, from which he can scarcely expect to issue perfectly unscathed, and yet it is astonishing how on the whole Mr. Beecher manages to justify his own description of himself as reasonably orthodox. The late Mr. F. W. Robertson managed to draw the teeth of many an offensive dogma by attaching a highly spiritual meaning to the doctrinal letter. This is not always Mr. Beecher's method, but the most exasperating shibboleths become harmless in his hands, owing to his singular faculty of seeing a common-sense side to every question; in short, his gospel is emphatically the Gospel of Common Sense. In his highest flights of thought, in his deepest expressions of religious feeling, he never loses a certain solid sobriety. To combine this with an impetuous temperament and a burning enthusiasm, such as he undoubtedly possesses, is a rare if not an original gift. How well Mr. Beecher employs thought and passion, common sense and a quiet mystical religious fervour, perhaps they only can quite estimate who, to use a slang expression, "sit under him." But as the echoes of his voice travel across the Atlantic, we shall try and gather up the subject-matter of his teaching in a succinct form, and as the manner is altogether untranslatable, we must leave that to the imagination of our readers. The matter will range itself conveniently under two principal heads: —

I. RELIGIOUS TRUTH. Dealing with theological doctrines and their application.

II. SECULAR TRUTH. Dealing with all sorts of social and political topics of very various interest and importance.

RELIGIOUS TRUTH.

It being prefaced that the doctrine-hunter will have to put on his very best spectacles and go a long way before he finds anything corresponding to his idea of sound doctrine, we may proceed to inquire what views does Mr. Beecher hold concerning — I. The Trinity. II. The Person of Jesus Christ. III. The Atonement. IV. Regeneration. V. The Bible. VI. The Church — Sects and Sacraments. VII. Infidelity and the Devil. Under one or other of these heads we shall contrive to say all that properly belongs to what may strictly speaking be called Mr. Ward Beecher's theology.

I.—*The Doctrine of the Trinity.*

Mr. Beecher's definition of this doctrine would satisfy the most exacting orthodoxy; for he states in so many words that "the Unit of the Old Testament has been superseded in the New Testament by a Divine Being represented by the terms 'Father,' 'Son,' and 'Holy Spirit,' a one God with three manifestations," and (no doubt anxious to avoid Sabellianism) he is careful to add, "which manifestations answer to our idea of *personalities*" (i. 408). He does not venture upon the historical ground. He does not tell us, with one of the most learned of modern writers (Emanuel Deutsch), that "the Christians of the second and third centuries were far from having a clearly recognized and understood doctrine on this high subject" ("Chamber's Encyclopædia," Article—Doctrine of the Trinity); nor does he care to remind us that it was not until A.D. 325 that the Church, at the Council of Nice, was led to define the relation of the Son to the Father. These matters Mr. Beecher probably felt would prove as uninteresting to his congregation as they evidently are to himself. Neither do we get an elaborate argument such as F. W. Robertson has provided us with in his Third Series; where the doctrine of the Trinity is elaborately explained by a reference to the complex nature of man, and found to be altogether in agreeable harmony with the laws of the human mind. Neither historical investigation nor metaphysical subtlety is much to Mr. Beecher's taste, yet before he dismisses the theory of this difficult and perplexing dogma, he does not forget to point to the great law according to which, as we ascend in the scale of animated being, we find an ever-growing distinctness in the variety of parts bound up in some higher unity. And again carefully avoiding the Sabellian heresy, of saying that God is but one person under the three manifestations, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, he introduces a really subtle remark about the possibility of three *Persons*—not *parts*—being bound up in some higher essential Unity of Beings called one God. It is of course imaginable that God is one Person revealed to man under three different aspects; but this is heresy; it is also imaginable that the Deity may be composed of separate impersonal forces comprehended in one larger force called a personality; but that appears to be also heresy, as also every other possible way of defining God, save as three *Persons*—not manifestations or

parts—but three Persons in one God, that is, a Unity of Being,—whether personal or not hardly appears, but if personal, at all events, not one Person but three Persons. To meet this conception of three Persons, so understood, in one God Mr. Beecher makes the following ingenious conjectures; it is his one contribution to the general metaphysics of this abstruse doctrine:—

"Because our acquaintance with vital intelligent sentient life is limited, because the class of beings with which we are familiar exists in unity—unity and diversity as far as faculty is concerned, but unity without diverse personality—we are not to suppose that this exhausts all possible modes of being."

And then, after showing the enormous complexity of all high life (human nature, for instance), he adds, with very remarkable force and clearness, "Infinite complexity" (such as must be involved in the notion of God, the loftiest existence)

"Infinite complexity may be easily imagined to be not merely an agglomeration of faculties in one being—but a range higher than this—so that beings shall be agglomerated in a being, and that there shall be personalities grouped into unity."

But clever as is this contribution to theological metaphysics, Mr. Beecher has evidently no great delight therein. He does not kindle over his metaphysics like Robertson; he is glad to be off to the ready and powerful applications of God's Holy Spirit to the actual wants and diseases of the human heart. The greater part of the sermon on the Trinity is taken up with such practical teaching—which is admirable, but not new; and therefore we may pass on to his views about

II. *The Person of Jesus Christ.*

Mr. Ward Beecher treats the great central figure of our faith from his own peculiar point of view. He is very fond of falling back upon authority whenever authority will help him out of a difficulty. He is equally impatient when it thwarts the free development of his religious or social instincts. The authoritative declaration about Jesus Christ in the Scriptures is generally held to be that He is God—that He is the Saviour of man. In what sense He is God is nowhere clearly explained in Mr. Beecher's sermons. In the passage already quoted about the Virgin and Child, the Child was God, but then other mothers are to look on their children, and see the God within them. Yet Mr. Beecher

would be unwilling to be classed with Unitarians on the strength of this saying. Nay, we find passages in which the Unitarian sense of Christ's divinity is clearly negatived in favour of a far more orthodox view. Yet clear exposition on this subject is almost cautiously avoided. We do not get any such helpful definition as Mr. Robertson's "Christ is God, under the limitations of humanity," or any such subtle and luminous hypothesis as that there was from eternity something in the Creator which had sympathy with what we call human nature—that this Humanity of God came forth in Jesus Christ. No such results of hard and patient metaphysical thought are noticeable in Mr. Beecher's sermons on Christ. He gives us the authority of the Bible generally for the divine personality of Christ; he dismisses it without explanation. Is it too rash to try and express what seems to us to be a very general undercurrent of thought just now prevalent upon this subject, and which would be something like this:—"Tell me exactly what you think God is, and then I will tell you in what sense I believe Christ to be God. Until I know exactly what to understand by God, I cannot tell you exactly what I understand by Christ." Meanwhile, Mr. Beecher falls back upon the Bible. He gives us the same authority for what is usually called a scheme of redemption, in which Christ appears as the Saviour of mankind; he dismisses this also without explanation. He then constantly bends his whole power upon the life of Christ, as providing a solid and perfectly practical ideal for all men to work upon at all times and in all places. However, on the divinity of Christ he is explicit, if nothing more, as far as assertion goes.

Christ is God; "for if the emotions expressed by the Apostles towards God are worship, then the emotions expressed towards the Lord Jesus Christ are not one whit lower in the scale of worship" (i. 408). Christ was made perfect through suffering—"perfect, that is, as a Saviour; for as God he needed no perfection." It is hardly possible to assert more and to explain less.

III.—*The Atonement.*

On the doctrine of the Atonement and the general scheme of Redemption, Mr. Beecher expresses himself with a certain freedom and laxity calculated to astonish and alarm the orthodox believer; and yet it would be difficult to accuse him of wilful obstinacy and spiritual blindness for

reminding his hearers that many opinions had been held about the Atonement, and that he could not undertake to say which was the most correct. We might have been spared some theological controversy if this method of treatment had occurred to a few other notable divines. Still, Mr. Beecher is anxious to preach the fact of an Atonement and the fact of man's Redemption. We must let him speak for himself. After quoting several passages relating to Christ's death, he asks, "Can a plain man avoid inferring from such declarations that Christ did suffer in the place of men and for men" ("Vicarious Sacrifice," Heaton, vol. i.)? But this assertion is obviously capable of a dozen different explanations, and the eagle eye of orthodoxy will at once be strained to discover somewhere the confession of an *opus operatum* on the unseen world, owing to the death of Christ. Was the power of the devil broken by the Saviour in mysterious single combat? Was the mind of God the Father changed towards man, so that without any action of his own, but simply by accepting the death and sacrifice of Christ, the believer passes from death to life, in a way which would have been impossible without that death and sacrifice? To such inquiries Mr. Beecher virtually replies, "I don't know;" unless an eager theologian can extract any more satisfactory meaning from passages like this: "I do not say that the mediation and vicarious suffering of Christ contains in it nothing more than that which is contained in the action of every family, &c. . . . There are other elements that spring from the mysterious relation of Christ to the moral government," &c.; but, as far as we can discover, these "elements" are nowhere set forth, although more than once we are reminded that the work of Christ had some mysterious effect upon the powers of evil, and in some way changed the relations between God and man, without any action on man's part.

One of the finest of Mr. Beecher's sermons is on "Vicarious Suffering" (Heaton, vol. i.); yet, although we get an ample exposition of a doctrine of substitution, or vicarious suffering, we get no nearer any exposition of the Atonement in the sense of Christ's death procuring God's pardon for sinners, in a way external to man's own righteousness and repentance. In a passage of great force and high cumulative eloquence, which we cannot quote at length, our preacher gives the view of vicarious suffering which has most impressed his own mind:—

"If it be impugning the character of God to teach that there is a doctrine of substitution and vicariousness, by which the just suffer for the unjust then it is a doctrine which strikes clear through outward creation. Who pay for vice? Not the vicious. The virtuous pay for it. Who pay the taxes of the community? The men whose vices are the leakages? This community is a vast hall, and at every seam there is leaking and leaking. Whose work is it to calk it up? Why, it is the industrious man that pays for the waste of the shiftless man in the long run. It is the vice of the community that is the tax-gatherer of the community If it were not for good men, communities would break down under the vices and crimes of bad men. . . . And if you say that it is against the idea of divine benevolence that God should let just men suffer for unjust men, then your idea of divine benevolence is a false one. It is not in accordance with past reason; it is not in accordance with the facts of human life; it is not in accordance with your own ideas. . . . When you call to mind your own feelings as a father, and when you take lessons from the household, then your conception of a being that is true to the laws of the universe must recognize the principle of suffering one for another. What would you not do for a child? How much would you not suffer? How long would you not bear with him if only through your instrumentality he might be saved? Now lift that sublime form of parental life which is familiar to you up into the sphere of the Infinite. Crown it and enthrone it and call it God, Saviour, and how glorious it becomes! Is it not adorable and praiseworthy when it rises to the proportions of divinity, and becomes typical of the character of the Creator Himself?"

The noble grasp which Mr. Ward Beecher has over what we call the human side of every divine question is never more striking than in his treatment of Jesus Christ as the ideal man. Around this central figure all high moral and spiritual life must revolve. The ideal will never be outgrown. For it is an ideal which lays hold of the whole range of human powers and aspirations. Nothing is more denied than this in the present day. It is said that Christ's character was in many ways deficient, his intellectual sympathies limited, his circumstances so different from ours that no fair comparison between our lives and His is possible. To all which Mr. Beecher in many places gives a summary contradiction. "Here is the sum and substance of Christianity," he says, "that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith. It is the whole of Christianity in the same way that an acorn is the whole of a tree" (iii. 352). The Christ planted in a man is the one thing needful. The author of "Ecce Homo" has probably inspired Mr. Beech-

er with his materials for rebutting the charge of want or deficiency in Christ's character. The limitation of His sympathies will probably not be felt by those who perceive that He was under historical as well as individual limitations. It would have been mere waste of time for Him to have unfolded a number of interests for which the world was not ripe, to have propounded systems of government which at the time would not have been adopted, or truths of political economy which would not have been understood. Suffice it to say that all good government is to this day assisted and fostered by the principles of the Christian life, benignly unfolded beneath them like flowers beneath the sun; and that no hitherto ascertained precept of political economy is otherwise than in perfect harmony with the spirit, if not the letter, of an enlightened, a developed, nay, an ever-developing Christianity.

The imitation of Christ is in one sense impossible, nor, if possible, would it be desirable; but He is in a profound sense an example, since in Him were all the faculties that are in us. "As He was, so are we in this present world." All that properly belongs to human nature was tried. He was tempted in all points (though not in all circumstances), like us, yet without sin. Only an extensive acquaintance with these sermons will convince us how thoroughly Mr. Beecher sees his way to harmonizing every legitimate sphere of modern life with the spirit and power of Christianity, not as it is found in this or that sect, but as it is found in Jesus Christ; and he who will undertake to do this in the present day, without losing his sympathy with, or misconceiving the scope of modern doubts and difficulties, and the complexities of modern civilization, most certainly be accounted a great Christian teacher.

IV. — *Régénération.*

If there is one doctrine more than another susceptible of two extreme and opposite interpretations, it is the doctrine of conversion, or conscious regeneration. Baptismal regeneration is of course absolutely set aside by Mr. Beecher; but upon conversion, upon "the majestic reality, the sublime truth that a man may be born again," Mr. Beecher is never tired of descanting. What he does *not* mean by conversion is amusingly clear from the following passage:—

"A man goes to the minister, and says,

'What must I do to secure eternal life?' 'You must repent,' says the minister. So the man cries, and cries, and cries, and feels bad, and feels bad, and feels bad. That is the way he pays for his insurance. By and-by he feels better, and he asks the minister, 'Is that the evidence that I have my policy?' 'Yes,' says the minister, 'you have had your bad state, and you have come to your joyful state, and now you have your hope.' And the man goes home, and says to his wife, 'My dear, I have passed from death unto life; and, come what may, I am going to be saved. I may wander, to be sure; but I have my evidence, my hope, my insurance.' Oh!" exclaims the preacher, "is there any heresy comparable with this spiritual indifference and spiritual security?" (Heaton, vol. i. 276.)

That is an instance of the good-humoured way in which an ignorant, bigoted, but once very common view of conversion, is treated. The opponent is not raved at or excommunicated, but he is quietly put out of court with a few words selected from his own favorite vocabulary. No spiritual state can supersede watchfulness; no experience here on earth can place us beyond the reach of harm; but, this granted, let the soul be opened to every breath of divine influence, let the wind sweep through it and purify its innermost caverns, let the sun shine out and render fertile its barren plains, let the blessed dews of regenerating grace work their gracious will. How different from our last quotation is the earnest tone of the following passage, in which the true doctrine concerning regeneration is propounded:—

"Sometimes men complain of the doctrine of a regenerated life, as if it were a requisition—it is not—it is a refuge. Oh, what would not a criminal, who at thirty-five years of age found himself stung with disgrace, and overwhelmed with odium, give, if in the policy of human society there should be any method by which he could begin back again, as if he had not begun at all, and with all his accumulated experience build his character anew! But in the economy of God in Christianity there is such a thing as a man at fifty and sixty years of age—hoary-headed in transgression, deeply defiled, struck through and through with the fast colours of depravity—having a chance to become a true child again. God sets a partition-wall between him and past transgressions, and says, 'I will remember them no more for ever.'" (Heaton, vol. i. 192.)

Some men are regenerate from their birth; they have always grown up surrounded by good influences, and appropriating them. We must not insist upon their going through convulsions and par-

oxysms of repentance, and coming out new men. There remains in them, of course, a certain proneness and proclivity to evil; they have got to watch and pray like others, but they walk consciously with God; they often do unconsciously what is right, following the higher law of a nature which has become the subject of spiritual influences.

There are others who have learned the dignity of the moral law, but who grow up for some time without becoming the subjects of any of the higher spiritual influences. To them the raptures and ecstasies of the devotees are unknown; to them the purification through trial and sorrow is a mystery; prayer is an unutilized form of words; their conversion is to come; perhaps, like Peter's, it may come through some startling fall, some unexpected failure to obey the moral law. Perhaps the light of eternity may first break upon the soul through the darkness of pain and loss, through the rent clouds of agony and despair. There is in all men the higher nature; there is in most men the sleep of that higher nature, until the voice rings out, "Awake, thou that sleepest; arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life," and that awakening is conversion. Without giving chapter and verse for the above general statements, we believe they do substantially embody Mr. Beecher's views upon the doctrine of conversion through the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit.

V.—*The Bible.*

There is one sermon of Mr. Beecher's on the Bible so eloquent, so attractive, and so typical of his teaching in every way, that we need make no further apology for presenting our readers with an exceedingly bold, and in some respects satisfactory, view of the much-vexed question of the inspiration of the Bible. To say that Mr. Beecher's utterances in this sermon are altogether consistent with many of his inferences elsewhere, would be going too far. In places where dogmatic doctrines, such as the "Divinity of Christ" and "Miracles," have to be stated and accepted without discussion, Mr. Beecher falls back upon Bible statements with real, child-like simplicity; yet in this sermon he frankly admits that the authority and authenticity of the Bible books is by no means unimpeachable, and he gives us the vaguest and least critical hints about how we are to decide upon what is theologically true to be believed. He is so completely satisfied about what is morally and spiritually true in the

Bible, that the rest does not seem to disturb him, and this is highly characteristic of Mr. Beecher's mind. It is a mind which, whilst it has been developed in practical grasp and readiness by constant preaching, has been left undeveloped in mental consistency, as only the habit of constant preaching can leave a mind undeveloped. It is in no unfriendly spirit that we make this criticism. If Mr. Beecher possessed the logical consistency of a Newman or the close reasoning of a Mill, he would probably have far less power as an orator. It is the instantaneous reflection of all that is going on around him that gives him his power. He will state one view of truth that is uppermost at the time, and at another time he will state another view, which it would be difficult to accept were the first truth present to the minds of his hearers; but then it is not, and so no one is perplexed, and every one goes away with the idea that there is no real difficulty in believing, and no real difficulty in acting; the part has been put for the whole with a fervour and skill which carries everything before it. We do not blame Mr. Beecher for this; it is the method which makes all great action possible. The men of one idea have carried most of the great reforms, and done the real work of the world. Mr. Ward Beecher has many ideas; but he never keeps more than one at a time before his hearers, and perhaps he is quite right; only, when one comes to sit down quietly and reflect on the orthodox way in which he founds many of the current doctrines of Christianity upon a certain selection of Bible texts, and then reflect upon some of the statements, which we shall have presently to notice, in this really great sermon on the Holy Scriptures, of course the criticism is forced upon us. — If the dogmatic theology is right, then this view of the Bible is doubtful; but if this view of the Bible be right, then the dogmatic theology becomes doubtful.

We do not wish to press these delicate questions any further just at present; we should like our readers to forget them and to get into a Brooklyn pew for a few minutes and listen themselves to what, in the mouth of the preacher, no doubt sounded like the words of infallible truth. In our opinion, it is certainly the best truth about the Bible that we have met with for some time.

The text promises well for orthodoxy, as it contains the words, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God" — a clause which is to be lightly but summarily dealt

with — "and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works;" upon which last clause the whole stress of the sermon is really laid. After noticing that the Holy Scriptures must mean the Old Testament, as the New Testament was not then in existence, the word "inspiration" is characteristically dealt with: —

"There is no theory or philosophy of inspiration propounded in any part of the sacred books. It is manifest that it is a divine influence, an inbreathing of God upon those who wrote; but the theories of inspiration are modern and human. We may take it as stated in general that the sacred books were composed and given to the Church under divine direction or influence."

We may repeat that much controversy might have been avoided had theologians been willing to agree to some such general statement as this; at the same time it would have been still easier to say at once that everything takes place either by divine permission or under divine direction or influence, and that thus the books of the Bible share the common lot of everything. We are then told that we need not lay much stress upon the authority of the Bible because inspired, but because its actual contents are profitable for doctrine, for reproof, &c. The Scripture makes the test of its own validity to be in what it can do. And here at the outset we must call attention to what seems to us a weak link in the chain of argument. If the contents of the Bible, it is said, are granted to be true, it does not matter where they come from. There is no dispute in respect to the great moral and spiritual truths of the Bible, and then in the next sentence we read, "On all the essential truths of Scripture there is an agreement between all Christians — I might almost say between all men." But then the reader may ask, What are essential truths of Scripture? Moral and spiritual truths, says Mr. Beecher, which do not rest upon authority, but upon human experience; yet elsewhere the truth of Christian miracle, and in this sermon the immortality of the soul, are both treated as essential truths, yet neither of these can be properly said to authenticate themselves in the same way that moral truth does, and yet under the name of spiritual truth Mr. Beecher is constantly mixing up such propositions as *The soul is immortal, Christ rose from the dead, and Thou shalt not steal.*

Passing this over, we come to a most wholesome exposition of what the Bible really is. It is not one book, it is fifty-seven separate books, written by thirty-six different writers, living hundreds of years apart, speaking different languages, being subject to different governments, and not having necessarily any knowledge of each other's work. The binder's art has made these books, or tracts, *one*. They have a certain moral unity—the same sort of relation which the writings of the earliest chemists have to the latest chemists—that is to say, the latest include the earliest; the unity is what he calls “an accidental or providential one.” We ought not to wonder, then, that the Bible contradicts itself, for it is not like a book composed by one mind. It is the religious works that appeared for thousands of years; it is the religious light that was developed in the world through long periods; the records are brought together merely for convenience. If, then, we find that parts of the Bible are not to be held, that would not invalidate the book, because it is only one book by accident. If a large bundle of title-deeds contains by mistake the MS. of a novel or a poem, yet, if the other title-deeds are genuine, the odd manuscript does not injure their validity. They are neither better nor worse for being bound up along with it. In the following passage there is a certain bold and robust humour, as of a man who will have his say and let others make what they can of it; which, in its breadth and freedom, is so little characteristic of the modern pulpit that we may as well quote it.

“Bishop Colenso thinks he has shown that there are mistakes in the writings of Moses. Very likely. And suppose it should be shown that Moses never wrote them at all? What then? It would be shown, that is all. And suppose they should be taken out of the Bible, what then? They would be taken out, that is all. And how would it be with those that are left? Why, they would be left, that is all.”

This is intended to pacify the people who have been frightened by the “all or nothing” doctrine. The actual way in which the records came into existence serves to explain errors, discrepancies, or partial knowledge in the Bible. It is asserted that the light and the instruction which was vouchsafed to the best men in any age was drawn up into a record; that record represented the ripest truth to which the human mind had attained in religious ideas in that age. But we should never forget that, as everything in this

world is subject to development, so is revelation itself; and, as the truth could not come much faster than the human mind could receive it, the early revelations of truth, being addressed to the yet undeveloped moral sense of the world, were comparatively scant. And there has been a constant augmentation of light from the beginning up to the present. The early books stand related to us differently from those which have been written since. Just as rough early legislation is different from modern legislation. The latest is really all, and more than the earliest. But large parts of the earliest have to us only an historic value. The books of the Bible had a first work, and have now past to a secondary use. Some of them were more important once than they ever can be again. But they are still valuable, because they show how man has been developed as a moral being; they show the method of divine teaching, and how a good many moral truths have been preserved. “But” (and here is the pith and marrow of the sermon), “in so far as we are concerned, in this age the Bible must be judged by what it can do for us;” then follows a series of very eloquent paragraphs, but possessing very weak logical coherence. First, the Bible proposes a schedule of human nature and human condition, which is found to be perfectly true to nature; but then as the Bible is largely historical and experimental, it will be difficult to see how its account of human affairs would be anything but true to human nature. Above all, and herein we presume is one mark of its divine insight, it shows us that the misery to which we are subject springs from the imperfection of the human mind, and from the sin which flows out of that imperfection. So Mr. Beecher. But it is impossible not to remember that only part of our misery is the result of mental and moral imperfection, and that the only explanation which the Bible gives of physical misery is contained in the history of the fall of man, which does not explain physical death, which existed before the fall, and physical suffering in the animal kingdom, which has always existed, and which cannot be conveniently linked with the fall of man, whatever that is. But indeed, as we shall have occasion to see, Mr. Beecher is not strong upon the story of the “fall.” Then what becomes of the imperfection of the human mind and the disease and misery of the body as a Bible revelation? Probably every savage is sufficiently conscious of the fact, that his want of knowledge,

and want of power, and want of self-control are among the great sources of his misery, and he needs no Bible to teach him that. At the same time it is perfectly true that the delineations of the wickedness and depravity of the human race which are found in the Bible from beginning to end, are wonderful and masterly, and that their function will never cease. We are next told that the Bible reveals to us the lenity and amenities of God—that the just Judge is a God of love. It is quite true that the arithmetic in Moses's books has very little to do with this statement, but the authority that tells us that God is a God of love, has a great deal to do with the manner in which we regard the announcement. Human experience goes largely against the assertion, yet we suppose that Mr. Beecher wishes to class the love of God among the essential truths, about which there is said to be no dispute. In short, the love of God is simply assumed, just as if it were a moral truth about lying and stealing. Once more, Mr. Beecher, throwing argument to the winds, exclaims at the close of this paragraph, "Cipher away about Moses, fools! I will cling to the hope of Christ and salvation by him." And no doubt in Brooklyn Church the rhetoric won the day. Mr. Beecher adopts a sounder and to us a more persuasive rhetoric when he exclaims—

"I declare that Christian instruction is more profitable than anything else in the whole Bible. The doctrines of humility, meekness, gentleness, non-resistance under injuries, the whole schedule of Christian dispositions which were marked out by the Saviour, shine as though they were so many gems and jewels brought down from the bosom of God."

Next we come to the doctrine of immortality, for which Bible authority is given, and which is dismissed with an illustration, but without any argument at all. Now this is not quite fair in a sermon which begins by admitting frankly that there may be mistakes, partial errors, and whole books in the Bible unauthentic and ungenue. The preacher in this sermon has been descending upon human sin, the love of God, and the immortality of the soul; and he ends by asking, "Who wishes to take these things away from us?" And adds, "You have not touched these great truths when you have made any amount of criticisms upon texts." Of course the reply is, "That quite depends upon the amount of texts criticized and the nature of the criticism. What the preacher who accepts the doctrine of historical criticism, as ap-

plied to the Bible, has to do, is to show in each case whether it be a question of the divinity of Christ, or miracles, or the love of God, or the immortality of the soul, that the assertions about these several things in the Bible are or are not the best hypotheses we have for explaining the facts of human experience, human history, human consciousness generally. When, then, Mr. Beecher says that the question which every one of us should propound in respect to the Scripture is, "Does it teach the truth on these fundamental matters?" he is really assuming that we know what the truth about these matters is without the assistance of Scripture. If we do, what is the use of Scripture as a revelation? If we do not, how are we to judge whether the Bible teaches the truth or not? There are some things in the Bible which can be proved by human experience to be true; such are the general rightness and fitness of those moral precepts, obedience to which holds human society together under the conditions of progress and civilization. There are other things in the Bible which cannot be exactly proved; such are the relations between God and man, and the destiny of the human soul. It would have been better to draw the line between the moral, historical, and spiritual departments, and to say, "Man has found the moral law true by experience. Historical truth is only got through historical criticism. With reference to the spiritual doctrines to which reference has been made, they offer intellectually as hypotheses the best explanation which has yet been found of man's religious tendencies. They account for a large number of otherwise inexplicable and constant facts, and thus become the legitimate objects of faith; though not resting upon the same kind of evidence as historical and moral law, or susceptible of the same kind of demonstration." When Mr. Beecher comes up to the point-blank question, "How do you know that the Bible is true?" it is merely riding off on a side wind to say "Try it, and see if it isn't true." Of course that will apply very well to the moral law,—See if society won't go to pieces if you don't give in to the Ten Commandments, or most of them; and Mr. Beecher takes care only to select the moral law in the illustrations which he proceeds to give. It would be obviously absurd to say, "Try the immortality of the soul, and see whether it is not true." What the modern preacher has to do in view of such a doctrine as that, is to announce it as proclaimed in the Bible and then show, if he can how in-

dispensable it is to the constitution of man as an essentially moral being. Put the puzzle together, and then see whether "Immortality" is not the bit left out—if so, fit it in, and complete your map. Yet, although we have pointed out what we conceive to be loose about the argument of this very noble sermon, on the whole, we repeat there are more true things about the Bible said in it, and they are better said, than in any sermon we have ever read or listened to.

VI.—*The Church, Sects, and Sacraments.*

There is no subject on which Mr. Beecher more forcibly dilates than on the Christian Church and its various sects. The almost innocent freedom with which he discusses the whole question is calculated to make many pious hairs stand on end. We need not say that his view of Christ's Church is different from the "high" or the "low," and less conventional than any other popular view.

Probably for many years it will be a hotly-disputed question amongst theologians whether "grace" or special teaching mission, and a form of church government, have been committed by God to a caste called the priesthood, or whether the priesthood is merely representative, with no more real power than what belongs to every man, and with no authority to impose on the people one form of government rather than another, with no power but personal power, and those ecclesiastical functions committed unto them by the people for the people. We need not say which view Mr. Beecher, who reigns by the will of the people, supports. The Roman view of grace and apostolical succession is not to be lightly set aside. In the hands of equally able disputants it would perhaps be equally difficult either to prove or disprove. The fatal thing for the Roman side of the controversy is that fewer and fewer able and good men care either to defend or attack Roman Catholic opinions upon any subject. These opinions seem to bring a great deal of comfort to a few excellent young men and a great many women, and a little feeble interest is stirred when a Dollinger or a Hyacinthe kicks over the ecclesiastical traces. A few Protestant lecturers still get a more or less precarious livelihood off the Pope and "The Confessional Unmasked," and large masses are still held together under the name of Roman Catholics, who are really such in name, and in nothing else, whilst Professor Huxley seems not unwilling to stir up a little reaction in favour of Roman

Catholicism, by administering the old-fashioned stimulant labelled "Persecution" in a very mild form to Roman Catholic schools and religious seminaries.

Mr. Beecher is far too sensible to waste his time in cheap attacks on Roman Catholics or Ritualists; he does not look in this world for infallibility any more than perfectibility; but he does look for work. He is for patting every one on the back all round, and bidding each do his very best. Whether a religious teacher comes to him in a chasuble, or a black gown, or a white tie and a swallow-tail coat, he is for sending him straight into the Master's field. There is plenty of work to be done there—plenty of seed to be sown, plenty of souls to be saved. It is hard if the man of the most bigoted views cannot do something. Let doctors and schoolmen, in the words of Professor Maurice, play their "Theosophic fiddles whilst Rome is burning;" but let all who call themselves Christ's ministers set to work with the best opinions they can get, and see what they can make of them. Mr. Beecher seems to agree with St. Paul, that so long as Christ be preached, even though it be in a contentious spirit, he, at all events, will rejoice. So far from objecting to sects he highly approves of them. He says they are like flowers, all born of the sun, and brought into their life and power, and yet they are widely different in their structure and appearance. "Would you," he exclaims, "reduce them all to one, and have nothing but daisies, nothing but tulips, or nothing but violets?" "I believe," he says elsewhere, "in the organization of Christians into Churches as I believe in the forming of churches, by elective affinities into sects." The air on the other side of the water must be very different from ours. Poor Mr. Beecher grows quite naïve on the subject of sects; his apparent innocence is positively touching; he seems not to know that he is no better than a bull in a theological china shop when he says, "I do not see any harm in denominations. I would just as soon see twenty more as twenty less. . . . But sects are not Christianity; they do not represent the whole of it. . . . The specialities which distinguish one from another usually are specialities that have in them a truth which is nowhere else developed with such breadth and force. . . . Christianity is represented by the sum of all the sects—not by any one of them" (ii. 99). He elsewhere points out very forcibly that all Christian sects agree substantially about the ends to be gained;

they only differ about the instruments to be used. All Christians aim at the regeneration and enriching of man's spiritual nature; what they quarrel about is how to organize people after they have got them into the Christian Church. They quarrel about robes and the days to be used, or instruments of teaching, and churches, and doctrines, and speculative or philosophical forms; but they don't quarrel about this, that every man needs to have the grace of God in his soul, that he must love God and his fellow man, and that he must have that love exercised in him, so as to control every one of the vulgar instincts of his nature. Mr. Beecher looks forward to the time when he will be able to worship at the hands of a Roman Catholic priest, and be edified just as he was edified in England, by the Church of England clergy and bishops. "I do not object to bishop," he says; "I daresay I should like to be a bishop myself. The time is coming, he thinks, when men will give up the foolish notion of abolishing denominations and sects. Christianity will be open and free to all alike; there will be a similarity of beliefs in the final sympathetic union towards which the Church is moving. But you will never get men to hold the same philosophical creeds all alike. Churches will never be brought together on such ground as that. It is well to lay down general points of belief around which a congregation may gather; but a creed is not a whip of scorpions with which we are to lash each other's backs.

All this is very satisfactory as far as it goes; but there is perhaps a pardonable haziness about the essentials and non-essentials of religious belief. We have got to content ourselves with a few hints on practical morality, and such excellent and Emersonian utterances as, "When we come to be released from the narrowness of our own church or sect, how joyful is the brotherhood of good men, and how strong are we!" All which sayings are like a well-known beverage, highly "grateful and comforting" to those who agree with Mr. Beecher, and decidedly the reverse to everybody else.

On questions of ecclesiastical government, our preacher's views are too pronounced and trenchant to be passed over. All Churches, as to outward form, are merely human; they stand on the same ground as common schools and literary institutions do; as far as ordinance is concerned, no one Church is any better than another. There is no pattern whatever laid down in the New Testament according to which Churches should be organized.

"Every Church is good enough that answers the purpose of a Church." There is no apostolical succession, and if there were we should not be any the better for it. As to Sacraments, the Lord's Supper or Baptism is good enough when administered by the pope, or a cardinal, or a priest, or any dissenting minister, "or if you administer the Sacrament to yourself, it is just as good — the Lord's Supper belongs to every man who belongs to Christ, and he has as much right to administer it to himself as to have it administered to him by a priest." These opinions may startle some persons, but in reality they are not far removed even from the orthodoxy of the Church of England. Lay baptism has been generally held valid in Reformed Churches, and even in the Roman Catholic Church. Mary, Queen of Scots, when denied a priest, did not scruple to baptize the child of one of her attendants with the usual formula (Froude, vol. xii.). If one Sacrament may be administered by the laity, it is really difficult to see why the other may not, and as to the question of a man's administering a Sacrament to himself, it is done every time the priest consecrates, for he always administers the bread and wine to himself first. A little plain speaking on these questions, in some Church of England pulpits, would do a great deal of good. The Ritualists say plainly enough what they mean by the Sacraments, and it is a great pity, for the sake of a bewildered laity, that the liberal clergy do not speak out as clearly on their side of the question. Few of the clergy, except the Ritualists, give their congregations a chance of either agreeing or disagreeing with their views on the Sacraments, for it is quite impossible, from their ordinary sermons, to understand what the clergy mean or whether they mean anything.

VII. — *Infidelity and the Devil.*

Mr. Beecher is what Mr. Spurgeon would probably call "weak" on the devil. He says, "the devil is distributive in our days — some of him is in governments, some of him is in judges," &c.; in other places he seems to hold to one devil, or prince of devils, but evidently believes in many other devils or evil powers, invisible personalities ranged against man. He observes, no doubt, that there are plenty of devils in the body about, and if there is any spiritual world, the obvious inference is that there are plenty more devils out of the body about. We do not know that he is very far from sound doctrine here, but

on the question of Infidelity he will probably be weighed in the balance with orthodoxy and found wanting. We shall not venture to do more than give his definition of Infidelity, and leave him to his worst enemies, observing only that he is careful to condemn "the roystering infidelity of vulgar and ignorant men," and also "the cold indifference of educated materialism."

"Unbelief," he says — such unbelief as abounds amongst the intelligent young men of our days — "unbelief is the drifting of sensitive natures, famished and hungering and searching for something that shall feed them" (ii. 324).

And now we can promise our readers that if they have followed Mr. Beecher with any interest in his views and opinions on "RELIGIOUS TRUTH," they will find him quite as interesting and vigorous in his treatment of those various social and political subjects which will range themselves in Part II., under the heading of "SECULAR TRUTH," and which have contributed more than anything else to spread his fame as an orator far beyond the limits of the American public.

H. R. HAWES.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A
PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER
OF METH," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEAR WOODSTOCK TOWN.

"In olde dayes of the king Arthour,
Of which that Britons speake great honour,
All was this land full filled of faerie;
The Elf-queen, with her jolly company,
Danced full oft in many a green mead.
This was the old opinion, as I read;
I speak of many a hundred years ago;
But now can no man see no elves mo'."

THE phaeton stood in the High-street of Oxford. Castor and Pollux, a trifle impatient after the indolence of the day before, were pawing the hard stones, their silken coats shining in the morning sunlight; Queen Titania had the reins in her hands; the tall waiter who had been a circus-rider was ready to smile us an adieu; and we were all waiting for the Lieutenant, who had gone off in search of a map that Bell had forgotten.

If there is one thing more than another likely to ruffle the superhuman sweetness of my Lady's temper, it is to be kept waiting in a public thoroughfare with a pair

of rather restive horses under her charge. I began to fear for that young man. Tita turned once or twice to the entrance of the hotel; and at last she said, with an ominous politeness in her tone —

"It does seem to me singular that Count von Rosen should be expected to look after such things. He is our guest. It is no compliment to give him the duty of attending to our luggage."

"My dear," said Bell, leaning over and speaking in very penitent tones, "it is entirely my fault. I am very sorry."

"I think he is much too good-natured," says Tita, coldly.

At this Bell rather recedes, and says, with almost equal coldness —

"I am sorry to have given him so much trouble. In future I shall try to do without his help."

But when the Count did appear — when he took his seat beside Tita, and we rattled up the High-street and round by the Corn-market, and past Magdalen church, and so out by St. Giles's-road, the remembrance of this little preliminary skirmish speedily passed away. For once more we seemed to have left towns and streets behind us, and even while there were yet small villas and gardens by the side of the road, the air that blew about on this bright morning seemed to have a new sweetness in it, and the freshness and pleasant odours of innumerable woods and fields. There was quite a new light, too, in Bell's face. She had come downstairs with an obvious determination to cast aside the remembrance of that letter. There was something even defiant in the manner in which she said — in strict confidence, let it be observed — that if Arthur Ashburton did intend to come and meet us in some town, or other, there was no use in being vexed about it in the meantime. We were now getting into the open country, where pursuit would be in vain. If he overtook us it would be through the mechanism of railways. His only chance of obtaining an interview with Bell was to lie in wait for us in one of the big towns through which we must pass.

"But why," said the person to whom Bell revealed these matters, "why should you be afraid to meet Arthur? You have not quarrelled with him."

"No," said Bell, looking down.

"You have done nothing that he can object to."

"He has no right to object, whatever I may do," she said with a gentle firmness. "But, you know, he is annoyed, and you

cannot reason with him; and I am sorry for him—and—and—and what is the name of this little village on the left?"

Bell seemed to shake off this subject from her, as too vexatious on such a fine and cheerful morning.

"That is Woolvercot; and there is the road that leads down to Godstow and the ruins of Godstow Nunnery, in which Rosamond Clifford lived and died."

"And I suppose she rode along this very highway," said Bell, "with people wondering at her beauty and her jewels, when she used to live at Woodstock. Yet it is a very ordinary looking road."

Then she touched Tita on the shoulder.

"Are we going to stop at Blenheim?" she asked.

"I suppose so," said our driver.

"I think we ought not," said Bell; "we shall be greatly disappointed, if we do. For who cares about the Duke of Marlborough, or Sir John Vanbrugh's architecture? You know you will be looking about the trees for the old knight with the white beard, and for Alice Lee, and for pretty Phoebe Mayflower, and for Wildrake and the soldiers. Wouldn't it be better to go past the walls, Tita, and fancy that all these old friends of ours are still walking about inside in their picturesque costume? If we go inside, we shall only find an empty park and a big house, and all those people gone away, just like the fairies who used to be in the woods."

"But what are the people you are speaking of?" said the Count. "Is it from history, or from a romance?"

"I am not quite sure," said Bell, "how much is history, and how much is romance; but I am sure we know the people very well; and very strange things happened inside the park that we shall pass by and by. There was a pretty young lady living there, and a very sober and staid colonel was her lover. The brother of this young lady was much attached to the fortunes of the Stewarts, and he brought the young Prince Charles in disguise to the house; and all the gratitude shown by the Prince was that he began to amuse himself by making love to the sister of the man who had risked his life to save him. And of course the grave colonel discovered it, and he even drew his sword upon Prince Charles——"

"I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, "but do not trouble to tell me the story; for I know it very well. I did read it in Germany years ago; and I think if Colonel Esmond had thrashed the Prince——"

"Oh no, you are mistaken," said Bell with some wonder; "it is Colonel Markham, not Colonel Esmond; and the brother of the young lady succeeded in getting the Prince away just before Cromwell had time to seize him."

"Cromwell!" said our Lieutenant, thoughtfully. "Ah, then, it is another story. But I agree with you, Mademoiselle: if you believe in these people very much, do not go into the park, or you will be disappointed."

"As you please," said Tita with a smile. —I began to observe that when the two young folks agreed about anything, my Lady became nothing more than an echo to their wishes.

At length we came to the walls that surrounded the great park. Should we leave all its mysteries unexplored? If one were to clamber up, and peep over, might not strange figures be seen, in buff coats and red, with bandoleers and helmets; and an aged knight with a laced cloak, slashed boots, and long sword; countrywomen in white hoods and black gowns; divines with tall Presbyterian hats and solemn visage; a braggart and drunken soldier of the king, and a colonel the servant of Cromwell? Or might not Queen Elizabeth be descried, looking out as a prisoner on the fair domain around her? Or might not Chaucer be found loitering under those great trees that he loved and celebrated in his verse? Or, behind that splendid wall of chestnuts and elms, was it not possible that Fair Rosamond herself might be walking all alone, passing like a gleam of light through the green shadows of the trees, or sitting by the well that still bears her name, or reading in the heart of that bower that was surrounded by cunning ways? Was it along this road that Eleanor came? Or did Rosamond, surviving all her sin and her splendour, sometimes walk this way with her sister-nuns from Godstow, and think of the time when she was mistress of a royal palace and this spacious park?

We drove into the town of Woodstock. The handful of houses thrown into the circular hollow that is cut in two by the river Glym, was as silent as death. In the broad street that plunged down into the valley, scarcely a soul was to be seen; and even about the old town-hall there were only some children visible. Had the play been played out, and the actors gone for ever? When King Harry was fighting in France or in Ireland, doubtless Rosamond, left all by herself, ventured out into the park, and walked down into the small town, and re-

vealed to the simple folks the wonders of her face, and talked to them. No mortal woman could have remained in a bower month after month without seeing anyone but her attendants. Doubtless, too, the people in this quaint little town were very loyal towards her; and would have espoused her cause against a dozen Eleanors. And so it happened, possibly, that when the romance came to an end, and Rosamond went to hide her shame and her penitence in the nunnery of Godstow, all the light and colour went out of Woodstock, and left it dull, and grey, and silent as it is to this day.

The main street of Woodstock, that dips down to the banks of the Glym, rises as abruptly on the other side; and once past the turnpike, the highway runs along an elevated ridge, which on the one side is bounded by a continuation of Blenheim Park, and on the other, slopes down to a broad extent of level meadows. When we had got up to this higher ground, and found before us an illimitable stretch of country, with ourselves as the only visible inhabitants, the Lieutenant managed to introduce a remote hint about a song which he had heard Bell humming in the morning.

"I think it was about Woodstock," he said; and if you will please to sing it now, as we go along, I shall get out for you the guitar."

"If you will be so kind," said Bell, quite submissively.

What had become of the girl's independence? Asked to sing a song at great trouble to herself—for who cares to play a guitar in the back-seat of a phaeton, and with two pairs of wheels rumbling an accompaniment?—she meekly thanks him for suggesting it! Nay, it was becoming evident that the girl was schooling herself into docility. She had almost dropped entirely the wild phrases and startling metaphors that so deeply shocked Tita. Sometimes they dropped out inadvertently: and sometimes, too, she gave way to those impulsive imaginative flights that led her unthinkingly into an excitement of talk which Tita used to regard with a sort of amused wonder. But of late all these things were gradually disappearing. She was less abrupt, independent, wayward in her manner. She waited more patiently to receive suggestions from others. She was becoming a good listener; and she received meekly criticisms that would, but a short time before, have driven her into a proud and defiant silence, or provoked some rejoinder a good deal more

apt than gentle. It was very odd to mark this amiable self-discipline struggling with her ordinary frank impetuosity; although sometimes, it is true, the latter had the best of it.

On this occasion, when the Lieutenant had jumped down and got out the guitar for her, she took it very obediently; and then Tita rested the horses for a little while under the shadow of some overhanging trees. Of course you know the ballad that Bell naturally turned to, seeing where she was at the moment, and the sort of music she was most familiar with.

"Near Woodstock town I chanced to stray,
When birds did sing and fields were gay,
And by a glassy river's side
A weeping damsel I espied."

This was what she sang, telling the story of the forlorn maiden who was found weeping for her faithless lover, who only wished that he might come and visit her grave, and think of her as "one who loved, but could not hate." Perhaps this old-fashioned ballad is not a masterly composition; but the music of it is expressive enough; and we who were familiar with Bell's ballads had got into a habit of not caring much what she sang, so long as she only continued singing.

"You would make your fortune by singing," said Tita, as Bell finished, and the horses were sent forward.

"Perhaps," said the girl, "if all my audience were like you. But I think you must have been lent out as an infant to an old woman with an organ, and so, by merely sitting on the vibrating wood, you have become so sensitive to music that anything at all pleases you."

"No, Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, "you do yourself an injustice. I never heard a voice like yours, that has the tremble of a zither in it, and is much softer than a zither."

Bell blushed deeply: but to conceal her embarrassment, she said lightly to Tita—

"And how am I to make my fortune? Oh, I know—by coming in after public dinners, to sing grace, and follow the toasts with a glee. I am in white silk, with a blue ribbon round my neck, white gloves, bracelets, and a sheet of music. There is an elderly lady in black velvet and white pearls, who smiles in a pleasant manner—she sings, and is much admired by the long rows of gentlemen—they have just dined, you know, and are very nice and amiable. Then there is the tenor—fair and smooth, with diamond-rings, a

lofty expression, and a cool and critical eye, that shows he is quite accustomed to all this. Then there is the stout, red-bearded man who sings bass, and plays the piano for the four of us, and is very fierce in the way he thumps out his enthusiasm about the Queen, and the Navy, and the Army, and the Volunteers. What a happy way of living that must be! They will give us a nice dinner beforehand—in a room by ourselves, perhaps; and all we have to do is to return thanks for it in an emotional way, so that all the waiters shall stand round in a reverential manner. But when that is over, then we introduce a few songs—sprightly, coquettish songs, and the gentlemen are vastly amused—and you think —”

“Well, what do you think?” said I, seeing that Bell rather hesitated.

“I think,” said Tita, with a smile “that you are very ungenerous, Bell, in remembering so much of what you saw the other night from the gallery of the Freemasons’ Tavern. Is it fair to recall, in open daylight, in the cool forenoon, the imbecile good-nature and exuberant loyalty of a lot of gentlemen who have just dined? I wonder how many of the husbands there told their wives what sums they signed away under the influence of the wine?”

“I dare say,” says one of the party, “that the wives would be sorry to see so much money go in charity which might otherwise have been squandered in millinery and extravagances.”

“Don’t be ill-tempered, my dear,” says Queen Tita, graciously. “Women are quite as charitable as men; and they don’t need a guinea dinner to make them think of other people. That is a sort of charity that begins at home. Pray how much did you put down?”

“Nothing.”

“I thought so. Go to a charity dinner, enjoy yourself, and come away without giving a farthing! You would not find women doing that.”

“Only because they have not the courage.”

“They have plenty of courage in other directions—in getting married, for example, when they know what men are.”

“Knowing that, is it not a pity they choose to make martyrs of themselves? Indeed, their anxiety to become martyrs is astonishing. But what if I say that in the next published list of subscriptions you will find my name down for about as much as your last millinery bill came to?”

“I think that a good deal more likely, for I know the state of philanthropy into which men get at a public dinner—fathers of families, who ought to remember their own responsibilities, and who are impatient enough if any extra bit of comfort or kindness is wanted for their own kith and kin.”

“Some such trifling matter as a fur cloak, for instance, that is bought out of a Brighton shop-window for sixty-five guineas, and is only worn twice or thrice, because some other woman has the neighbour of it.”

“That is not true. You know the weather changed.”

“The weather! what weather? Were you at Brighton at the time?”

Titania did not reply for a considerable time. Perhaps she was thinking of some crushing epigram; but at all events Bell endeavoured to draw her away from the subject by pointing out another river, and asking whether this or the Glym at Woodstock was the stream associated with the “Oxfordshire Tragedy” she had just been singing. We discovered, however, that this small stream was also the Glym, which here winds round and through the marshy country that Thomas Warton described.* Bell came to the conclusion that the banks by the river at this part were not sufficiently picturesque for the scene of the song, where the love-lorn heroine sits and weeps by a glassy stream, and complains that her lover is now wooing another maid.

Meanwhile, my Lady had given expression to the rebellious thoughts passing through her mind, by admonishing Castor and Pollux slightly; and these accordingly were going forward at a rattling pace. We rushed through Enstone. We dashed along the level highway that lies on the high ground between the Charlford Farms and Heythrop Park. We sent the dust flying behind us in clouds as we scudded down to Chipping Norton; and there, with a fine sweep, we cantered up the incline of the open square, clattered over the stones in front of the White Hart Inn, and pulled up with a noise that considerably astonished the quiet village.

* “Within some whispering osier isle,
Where Glym’s low banks neglected smile;
And each trim meadow still retains
The wintry torrent’s cozy stains;
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom’d nook;
And bursting through the crackling sedge,
That crowns the current’s caverned edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck’s early brood.”

Ode to the First of April.

This large open space gives to Chipping Norton a light and agreeable appearance; and on entering the big tall inn that looks down over the square, we found everything very cleanly, bright, and comfortable. The very maid-servant who served us with lunch was a model of maid-servants, and was a very handsome young woman besides, with shining light-blue eyes and yellow hair. The Lieutenant at once entered into a polite conversation with her, and she informed him, in answer to his respectful inquiries, that she had just come from Folkestone.

"From Folkestone! that is a seaport — a busy place — a large town, is it not?"

"Yes, there *was* some business doing there," said the maid, with an inflection of voice which rather cast discredit on Chipping Norton.

"Don't you find this place dull?" he asked.

"Well, I can't say the people seem to worry themselves much," she replied with a slight curl of the lip.

"That is very good for the health," said the Count gravely. "Now I do think you have a very nice and even temper, that does not irritate you —"

But here my Lady and her companion came into the room, and the conversation ceased; for the Lieutenant had at once to spring up and take charge of the books, maps, and scarves that Bell had brought in with her. And then, when we sat down to lunch, he was entirely engrossed in attending to her wants, inasmuch that he was barely civil to the more elderly lady who had from the first been his champion. As for Bell, what had become of her dislike to officers, her antipathy to the German race, her horror of Uhlans? That very morning I had heard on good authority that Bell had been asking in confidence whether England did not owe a great debt to Germany for the gift of Protestantism which that country had sent us. "And were not the Prussians mostly Protestant?" asked Bell. What answer was returned I do not know; for Queen Titania is strong on the point that the word "Protestant" is not scriptural.

"But I have quite forgotten to tell you," remarked the Lieutenant, "that this morning, when I was walking about in Oxford, I came into the theatre. I saw some bills up; I went along a strange passage; I found an iron gate, and much lime and stone, and things like that. A man came — I asked him if I could see the theatre, and he took me into the place, which they

are repairing now. Oh, it is a very dingy place — small, tawdry, with ridiculous scenes, and the decorations of the galleries very amusing and dirty. Why, in an old city, with plenty of rich and intelligent people, you have such a pitiful little theatre? — it is only fit for a country green and wandering actors. In a great university town, you should have the theatre supported by the colleges and the bequests, and hire good actors, and play all the best dramas of your great writers. That would be good education, that would be a good compliment to pay to your great dramatists. But here, in a city where you have much learning, much money, much of your young men of good families being educated, you have only a dingy small show, and I suppose it is farces they play, and wretched dramas, for the townspeople and the farmers. That is not much respect shown to your best authors by your learned institutions."

"No wonder students find the milliners' shops more attractive," said Tita with a smile.

"But I think there is always much interest in an empty theatre," continued the Lieutenant. "I did go all over this poor little building, and saw how it imitated the deceptions of fine theatres in a coarse manner. I saw the rude scenes, the bad traps, the curious arrangements, which I do not think can differ much from the theatre which Shakespeare himself described, where a man was made to represent a city, if I am right."

"You are familiar with the arrangements of a theatre, I suppose?" I say to the Lieutenant.

"Pray tell me if you saw anything else in Oxford this morning," says Tita hastily.

"I suppose you could produce a pantomime yourself," I observe to the young man.

"Did you visit any more of the colleges?" says Tita, at the same moment.

"Or get up a ballet?"

"Or go down to the Isis again?"

Von Rosen was rather bewildered; but at last he stammered out —

"No, Madam, I did not go down to the river this morning. I walked from the theatre to the hotel; for I remained much too long in the theatre. Yes, I know something about the interior of the theatres. I have been great friends with managers and actors, and took great interest in it. I used to be much behind the stage — every night at some times; and that is very curious to a young man who likes to know more than other people, and thinks

himself wise not to believe in delusions. I think it is Goethe who has made many of our young men like to know stage-managers, and help to arrange pieces. But I find that they always end by being very much in love with one of the young ladies, and then they get not to like the theatres, for they do not wish everybody to admire her and be allowed to look at her. This is very good for the theatre, however; for they take many boxes, and ask their friends to accompany them, and that pays better than to let out the seats by the year to families. Some of the young men make light of this; others are more melancholy, but afterwards they have much interest in some theatres merely for the sake of the old associations."

"Oh, Bell," exclaimed Tita, turning anxiously to our companion, "did you see that your guitar was properly put away, or has it been left lying open in the phaeton?"

"I did put it away, Madame," said the Lieutenant.

"Oh, thank you," said Tita. "I am sure if some of those ostlers were to have their curiosity aroused, we should have no more music all the journey."

And thus having got the Lieutenant away from rambling reminiscences of theatres, the little woman took very good care he should not return to them; and so we finished luncheon without any catastrophe having happened. Bell had been sitting very quietly during these revelations, scarcely lifting her eyes from the table, and maintaining an appearance of studied indifference. Why should she care about the mention of any actress, or any dozen of actresses? My Lady's anxiety was obviously unnecessary.

CHAPTER IX.

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

"Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fiery Mab the junkets eat."

CHIPPING NORTON is supplied with all the comforts of life. Before leaving for the more inhospitable regions in which we are to pass the night, we take a leisurely walk through the curious little town, that is loosely scattered over the side of a steep slope. Here civilization has crowded all its results together; and Queen Tita is asked whether she could not forsake the busy haunts of men, and exchange that hovering between Leatherhead and London, which constrains her existence, for a plain life in this small country town.

"Chemists' shops abound. There is a subscription reading-room. There are co-operative stores. A theatre invites you to amusement. You may have *Lloyd's News*, various sorts of sewing machines, and the finest sherry from the wood —"

"Along with a Wesleyan chapel," she says, with a supercilious glance at the respectable, if somewhat dull-looking little building that fronts the main street.

There is no reply possible to this ungracious sneer; for who can reason, as one of us hints to her, with a woman who would spend a fortune in incense if only she had it, and who would rejoice to run riot in tall candles?

Bell takes us away from Chipping Norton, the Lieutenant sitting beside her to moderate the vehemence of her pace in the event of her getting into a difficulty. First the road dips down by a precipitous street, then it crosses a hollow, in which there are some buildings of a manufactory, a tiny river, and a strip of common or meadow, and then it ascends to the high country beyond by a steep hill. On the summit of this hill we give the horses a rest for a few seconds, and turn to look at the small town that lies underneath us in the valley. There is a faint haze of blue smoke rising from the slates and tiles. The deadened tolling of a bell marks the conclusion of another day's labour: for already the afternoon is wearing on apace; and so we turn westward again, and set out upon the lofty highway that winds onward towards the setting sun. Small hamlets fringe the road at considerable intervals, while elsewhere our route lies between stretches of heath and long fields. And still the highway ascends, until we reach the verge of a great slope; and, behold! there lies before us a great landscape, half in gloom, half in the dusky yellow light of the evening. And over there, partly shutting out the dark lines of hills in the west, a great veil of rain stretches from the sky to the earth, and through it the sun is shining as through ground glass. But so far away is this pale sheet of yellow mist, that we seem to be above it, and over the level and dark landscape on which it descends; and, indeed, where this veil ends, the sunlight sends forth long shafts of radiance that light up level tracts of the distant and wooded country. What fate is to befall us when we get down into this plain and go forward in search of the unknown hostelry at which we are to pass the night?

"I hope the rain will not spread," says

Bell, who had been telling us of all the wonders we should find at Bourton-on-the-Hill; "but even if it does rain to-night, we shall be as well off on a hill as in a swamp."

"But at Moreton-in-the-Marsh," says Tita, "there is sure to be a comfortable inn, for it is a big place; whereas Bourton-on-the-Hill appears to be only a small village, and we may find there only a public-house."

"But suppose it should clear?" says Bell; "the moon will be larger to-night, and then we can look down on all this level country from the top of the hill. We have not had a night-walk for a long time, and it will be so much more pleasant than being down in the mists of a marsh."

"And you are prepared to sleep on a couple of chairs in the smoking-room of a public-house?" I ask of Miss Bell.

"I dare say we shall get accommodation of some kind," she replies meekly.

"Oh, I am quite sure Mademoiselle is right; there is so much more adventure in going to this small place on the top of a hill," cried the Lieutenant.

Of course Mademoiselle was right. Mademoiselle was always right now. And when that was understood, Queen Titania never even attempted to offer an objection, so that in all affairs pertaining to our trip the rude force of numbers triumphed over the protests of an oppressed and long-suffering minority.

But only change the relative positions, and then what a difference there was! When the Lieutenant hinted in the remotest way that Bell might do so and so with the horses, she was all attention. For the first time in her career she allowed the interests of justice to moderate her partiality for Pollux. That animal, otherwise the best of horses, was a trifle older than his companion, and had profited by his years so far as to learn a little cunning. He had got into a trick accordingly of allowing Castor—the latter being younger and a good deal "freer"—to take more than his share of the work. Pollux had acquired the art of looking as if he were perpetually straining at the collar, while all the time he was letting his neighbour exercise to the full that willingness which was his chief merit. Now Bell had never interfered to alter this unequal division of labour. Queen Tita knew well how to make the older horse do his fair share; but Bell encouraged him in his idleness, and permitted his companion to work out of all reason. Now, however, when the Lieuten-

ant pointed out the different action of the horses, and said she should moderate the efforts of the one, while waking up the other to a sense of his duties, she was quite obedient. When the whip was used at all—which was seldom enough, for both horses were sufficiently free—it was Pollux that felt the silk. The Lieutenant fancied he was giving Bell lessons in driving, whereas he was merely teaching her submissiveness.

That golden sheet of rain had disappeared in the west, and the yellow light had sunk further and further down behind far bands of dark cloud. A grey dusk was falling over the green landscape, and the birds were growing mute in the woods and the hedges. In the pervading silence we heard only the patter of the horses' feet and the light rolling of the phaeton, as we sped onward down the long slopes and along the plain. We passed Four-shire-Stone, the adjacent shires being Worcester, Warwick, Gloucester, and Oxford; and then, getting on by a piece of common, we rattled into a long and straggling village, with one or two large and open thoroughfares.

Moreton-in-the-Marsh was asleep, and we left it asleep. There were still a few men lounging about the corner public-house, but the women and children had all retired into the cottages from the chill night-air. In some of the windows the light of a candle was visible. The dark elms behind the houses were growing darker.

Between Moreton and Bourton you plunge still deeper into this great and damp valley, and the way lies through a rich vegetation which seems to have thriven well in this low situation. The hedges along the roadside are magnificent; the elms behind them constitute a magnificent avenue extending for nearly a couple of miles; all around are dense woods. As we drove rapidly through this country, it almost seemed as though we could see the white mists around us, although the presence of the vapour was only known to us by the chilling touch of the air. On this July night we grew cold. Tita hoped there would be a fire at the hostelry on the top of the mountain, and she besought Bell to muffle up her throat, so that we should not be deprived of our ballads by the way.

At last we beheld the hill before us.

"It is not very like the Niessen," says Tita.

"But I have no doubt there is a very good inn at the top," remarks the Lieut.

tenant; "for after this hill the people would naturally stop to rest their horses."

"And we shall get up to see the sun rise, as we did on the Niessen?" asks Bell, with a fine innocence; for she knows the opinions of some of us on the subject of early rising. "Do you remember the fat little woman who had walked up all by herself, and who came out by herself in the morning, and appealed to us all to tell her the names of the mountains, that she might write them down?"

"And how oddly she turned up again at nearly every railway station we stopped at, with all her luggage around her!" says Tita.

"I believe," says Bell, "she is still sailing all through Europe on a shoal of bandboxes and portmanteaus. I wish I could draw the fat little woman balancing herself in that circle of luggage, you know, and flitting about comfortably and placidly like a bottle bobbing about in the sea. She may have drifted up to St. Petersburg by this time."

"I think we have," says the Lieutenant, who is leading the horses up the steep hill, and who rubs his chilled hands from time to time.

We reach the centre of the straggling line of houses which must be Bourton, and, behold! there is no inn. In the dusk we can descry the tower of a small church, and here the cottages thicken into the position which ought to be dominated by an inn, but there is no sign of any such thing. Have we climbed this precipitous steep, and have Castor and Pollux laboriously dragged our phaeton and luggage up, all for nothing? The Count asks a startled villager, who points to a wayside house standing at the higher extremity of the row. Where is the familiar signboard, or the glowing bar, or the entrance to the stables? Von Rosen surrenders his charge of the horses, and walks into the plain-looking house. It is an inn. We begin to perceive in the dusk that a small board over the doorway bears the name of "SERH DYDE." We find, however, instead of a landlord, a landlady — a willing, anxious, energetic woman, who forthwith sets to work to take our party into this odd little place. For dinner or supper, just as we choose to call it, she will give us ham and eggs, with either tea or beer. She will get two bedrooms for us; and perhaps the single gentleman will accept a shake-down in the parlour. In that room a fire is lit in a trice; a lamp is brought in; and presently the cheerful blaze in the huge fireplace illuminates the curious old-fashioned

chamber, with its carpets, and red tablecloth, and gloomy furniture. A large tray appears — an ornamental teapot is produced. Sounds are heard of attendants whipping through the place — so anxious and so dexterous is this good woman. And Queen Tita, who is merciless in one respect, examines the cups, saucers, forks and knives, and deigns to express her sense of the creditable cleanliness and order of the solitary inn.

Meanwhile, the horses.

"Oh," says the Lieutenant, coming in out of the dark, "I have found a famous fellow — the first man I have seen in England who does his work well with grooming a horse. He is an excellent fellow — I have seen nothing like it. The horses are well off this night, I can assure you — you will see how good they look to-morrow morning."

"It is strange so good an ostler should be found here," remarks Tita.

"But he is not an ostler," replies the Lieutenant, rubbing his hands at the fire; "he is a groom to some gentleman near. The ostler is away. He does his work as a favour, and he does it so that I think the gentleman must keep some racing horses."

"How do you manage to find out all these things about the people you meet?" asked Titania, with a gracious smile.

"Find out!" replied the tall young man, with his blue eyes staring. "I do not think I find out any more than others. It is people talk to you. And it is better to know a little of a man you give your horses to — and there is some time to talk when you are seeing after the horses — and so — that is perhaps why they tell me."

"But you have not to see about horses when you are in a bookseller's shop at nine in the morning, and the young lady there tells you about the milliners' shops and the students," says my Lady.

"Oh, she was a very nice girl," remarks the Lieutenant, as if that were sufficient explanation.

"But you talk to every one, whether they are young ladies, or inn-keepers, or grooms: is it to perfect your pronunciation of English?"

"Yes, that is it," said the young man, probably glad to arrive at any solution of the problem.

"Then you ought not to speak to ostlers."

"But there is no ostler who talks so very bad as I do — I know it is very, very bad —"

"I am sure you are mistaken," says Bell, quite warmly, but looking down; "I think you speak very good English — and it is a most difficult language to pronounce — and I am sure there are few Germans who can speak it as freely as you can."

"All that is a very good compliment, Mademoiselle," he said, with a laugh that caused Bell to look rather embarrassed. "I am very glad if I could think that, but it is impossible. And as for freedom of speaking — oh, yes, you can speak freely, comfortably, if you are going about the country, and meeting strangers, and talking to any one, and not caring whether you mistake or not; but it is different when you are in a room with very polite English ladies who are strangers to you — and you are introduced — and you do not know how to say those little sentences that are proper to the time. That is very difficult — very annoying. But it is very surprising the number of your English ladies who have learned German at school; while the French ladies, they know nothing of that, or of anything that is outside Paris. I do think them the most useless of women — very nice to look at, and very charming in their ways, perhaps — but not sensible, honest, frank like the English women, and not familiar with the seriousness of the world, and not ready to see the troubles of other people. But your Englishwoman who is very frank to be amused and can enjoy herself when there is a time for that — who is generous in time of trouble, and is not afraid, and can be firm and active and yet very gentle, and who does not think always of herself, but is ready to help other people, and can look after a house, and manage affairs — that is a better kind of woman, I think — more to be trusted — more of a companion — oh, there is no comparison!"

All this time the Lieutenant was busy stirring up the fire, and placing huge lumps of coal on the top; and he had obviously forgotten that he was saying these things to two Englishwomen. Tita seemed rather amused, and kept looking at Bell; Bell said nothing, but pretended to be arranging the things on the table. When the Lieutenant came back from the fire, he had apparently forgotten his complimentary speech; and was regarding with some curiosity the mighty dish of ham and eggs that had come in for our supper.

That was a very comfortable and enjoyable repast. When the chill of driving through the fogs of the plain had worn off, we found that it was not so very cold up here on the hill. A very liberal and hon-

est appetite seemed to prevail; and there was a tolerable attack made on the ample display of ham and eggs. As for the beer that our Lieutenant drank, it is not fair to tell stories. He said it was good beer, to begin with. Then he thought it was excellent beer. At length he said he had not tasted better since he left London.

Women get accustomed to many things during the course of a rambling journey like this. You should have seen how naturally Queen Tita brought forth the bezique-cards directly after supper, and how unthinkingly Bell fetched some matches from the mantel-piece and placed them on the table. My Lady had wholly forgotten her ancient horror of cigar smoke — in any case, as she pointed out, it was other people's houses we were poisoning with the odour. As for Bell, she openly declared that she enjoyed the scent of cigars; and that in the open air, on a summer evening, it was as pleasant to her as the perfume of the wild roses or the campions.

However, there was no bezique. We fell to talking. It became a question as to which could find the freshest phrases and the strongest adjectives to describe his or her belief that this was the only enjoyable fashion of travelling. The abuse that was poured upon trains, stations, railway porters, and the hurry of cabs in the morning, was excessive. Time-tables of all sorts were spoken of with an animosity which it was wonderful to observe when it came along with the soft and pleasant undertones of our Bonny Bell's voice. Tita said she should never go abroad any more. The Lieutenant vowed that England was the most delightful country in the world to drive through. The present writer remarked that the Count had much to see yet; whereupon the foolish young man declared he could seek for no pleasanter days than those he had just spent, and wished, with some unnecessary emphasis, that they might go on for ever. At this moment Bell rose and went to the window.

Then we heard an exclamation. Looking round, we found the shutters open, and lo! through the window we could see a white glare of moonlight falling into the empty thoroughfare, and striking on the wall on the other side of the way.

"It cannot be very cold outside," remarks the young lady.

"Bell!" cries Queen Tita, "you don't mean to go out at this time of night!"

"Why not, Madame?" says the Lieutenant. "Was it not agreed before we came up the hill? And when could you get a more beautiful night? I am sure it

will be more beautiful than the sunrise from the top of the Niessen."

"Oh, if you think so," says my Lady, with a gentle courtesy, "by all means let us go out for a little walk."

That is the way affairs began to be ordered about to suit the fancies of those young nincompoops. What little vestige of authority remained with the eldest of the group was exerted to secure a provision of shawls and rugs. Bell was not loth. She had a very pretty grey shawl. She had also a smart little grey hat, which suited it; and as the hat was trimmed with blue, the grey shawl could not have a prettier decoration than the blue ribbon of the guitar. Who proposed it I cannot say; but Bell had her guitar with her when we went out into the bright wonder of the moonlight.

Bourton-on-the-Hill was now a mass of glittering silver, and sharp, black shadows. Below us we could see the dark tower of the church, gleaming grey on the one side; then a mass of houses in deep shadow, with a radiance shining from their tiles and slates; then the grey road down the hill, and on one side of it a big wall, with its flints sparkling. But when we got quite to the summit, and clambered on to a small piece of common where were some felled trees, what words can describe the extraordinary view that lay around us? The village and its small church seemed to be now half-way down the hill; whereas the great plain of the landscape appeared to have risen high up on the eastern horizon, where the almost invisible stars met the dark woods of Oxfordshire. Over this imposing breadth of wood and valley and meadow — with its dark lines of trees, its glimmerings of farm-houses, and winding streams — the flood of moonlight lay so softly that the world itself seemed to have grown clear from underneath. There were none of the wild glares of white surfaces, and the ebony blackness of shadows which threw everything around us into sharp outline; but a far-reaching and mellow glamour that showed us the mists lying along the river-tracks, and only revealed to us the softened outlines and configurations of the land. If there had been a ruddy light in Moreton-in-the-Marsh, we should have seen it; but the distant village seemed dead; and it, as well as all the great tract of wooded country round it, was whitened over by this softened and silent and almost sepulchral radiance that lay somehow between the dark blue vault overhead and the vast plain beneath. It was but a young moon, but the exceeding

rarity of the air lent strength to its radiance.

"Does not the moonlight give you the impression that you can hear far?" said Bell in a rather low voice, as if the silence and the stars had overawed her. "It is like frost. You fancy you could hear bells ringing a hundred miles across the clear air."

"Mademoiselle, you will let us hear your singing in this stillness?" said the Lieutenant.

"No, I cannot sing now," she said; and the very gentleness of her voice forbade him to ask again.

We passed along the road. The night air was sweet with the odour of flowers. Out in the west, where the moonlight was less strong, the stars were faintly twinkling. Not a breath of wind stirred; and yet it seemed to us that if a sound had been uttered anywhere in the world it must have been carried to us on this height. We were as gods up here in the cold sky and the moonlight; and far over the earth sleep had sealed the lips and the eyes of those poor creatures who had forgotten their sorrows for a time. Should we send them dreams to sweeten their lives by some glimpses of a world different from their own, and cause them to awaken in the morning with some reminiscence of the trance in their softened memories? Or would it not be better to drown them in the fast and hard sleep of fatigue, so that the dawn might bring them a firmer heart and no vanity of wishes? Gods as we were, we had no care for ourselves. It was enough to be. Could not the night last for ever, and keep us up here near the stars, and give us content and an absolute want of anxiety for the morrow? Queen Titania wandered on as if she were in an enchanted garden, followed by a black shadow on the gleaming white road; and her face with all its gentleness and delicacy seemed to have gained something of a pale and wistful tenderness as the white light shone down over the dark woods and crossed our path. As for Bell — but who can describe the grace of the figure that walked before us — the light touching the grey shawl, and the fine masses of brown hair that hung all around the shapely neck, and the flat, small shoulders? We four were in England, sure enough; but it seemed to us then that we were very much alone, and about as near to the starry world as to the definite landscape lying far away on the plain.

We turned, however, when it was found that the road did not lead to any view of

the western country. It seemed to run along a high level, cutting through between sand-pits, farms, and woods; and so we made our way back to the bit of common overlooking Bourton, and there we had a few minutes' rest before getting into the small inn, whose windows were gleaming red into the white moonlight.

"Now you must sing to us something, Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant; "and here is a fine big tree cut down, that we can all sit on; and you shall appear as Apollo in disguise, charming the natives of this landscape with your song."

"But I do not know anything that Apollo sang," said Bell — sitting down, nevertheless, and taking the guitar from her companion.

"That is no matter. You must think yourself some one else — why not Zerlina, in this strange place, and you see Fra Diavolo sitting alone on the rock, and you sing of him? This is a very good place for highwaymen. I have no doubt they have sat here, and watched the gentleman's carriage come up the road beneath; and then, hey! with a rush and a flourish of pistols, and a seizing of the horses, and Madame shrieks in the carriage and her husband, trembling but talking very brave, gives up his money, and drives on, with much swearing, but very contented to have no hurt."

"You are very familiar with the ways of highway robbers," said Bell, with a smile.

"Mademoiselle, I am an Uhlan," he replied gravely.

Two at least of the party startled the midnight air with their laughter over this unintentional rebuke; but Bell, conscious of past backslidings, seemed rather discomforted, and hastened to say that she would, if he pleased, sing the song in which Zerlina describes the bandit.

She sang it too, very charmingly, in that strange silence. Knowing that we could not well see her face, she lent herself to the character, and we could hear the terror of Zerlina thrilling through her experiences of the dreaded Diavolo. "Diavolo! Diavolo!" the dark woods around us seemed to say. "Diavolo! Diavolo!" throbbed the bass strings of the guitar; and the girl's voice trembled in its low tones as she pronounced the name. If any lonely stranger had been passing along the highway at this hour, what would he have thought of this strange thing, — a beautiful girl seated overhead, amid the stars, apparently, with the moonlight striking on her exquisite face and her masses

of hair, while she sang in a low and impassioned voice, and struck chords from some strange instrument? Would she not appear as some wild vision of the Lorelei? Or, considering that companions were visible, and some talking and jesting occasionally heard, might not this be a company of strolling play-actors, such as all honest persons were aforesaid conjured to discountenance and suppress? *

You know that when Zerlina has sung the first verses of her dramatic song, Diavolo, disguised as a marquis, suddenly rises and sings the concluding verse himself. Bell accordingly handed the guitar to Count von Rosen, with a pretty smile. But would a young man, on such a night, sing a ballad about a mere bandit? No! The Lieutenant was not averse to act the character of Diavolo, so far as his minstrelsy went, but he adopted one of his gentler moods. Lightly running his fingers over the strings, he began to sing of Agnese la Zitella, and how had he learned to soften his voice so? The pretty Agnes was told that she was as sweet as the Spring, and then she is made to call forth her lover because the night is so fair — so much fairer than the day — and so silent. 'Tis a pleasant barcarole, and conveys a message as well as another. But lest he should be thought too bold, probably, our Uhlan rose abruptly when he had finished the song, and said lightly, with a laugh —

"There! was not that touching enough for Diavolo? He was a very accomplished person, to have all the rough delights of a brigand, and then go about dressed as a marquis, and amuse himself with adventures. I think they treated him badly in the end, if I do remember right."

Bell did not answer. She had got back the guitar. Apparently she was looking far down over the moonlit plain — her eyes grown distant and thoughtful — and as her fingers wandered over the strings, we heard, almost as in a dream, the various careless notes shape themselves into a melody — a wild, sad melody, that seemed to breathe the tenderness and the melancholy of this still night. "Silent, O Moyle, be the sound of thy waters" — perhaps that was the air; or perhaps it was the heart-breaking "Coolin" — one could

* "All persons concerned are hereby desired to take notice of and suppress all mountebanks, ropedancers, ballad-singers, &c. that have not a licence from the Master of his Majesty's Revels (which for the present year are all printed with black letters, and the king's arms in red) . . . and all those that have licences with red and black letters, are to come to the office to change them for licences as they are now altered. April 17, 1634."

scarcely say; but when at last we heard no more of it, Tita rose and said we must go in-doors. There was something quite regretful in her tone. It seemed as if she were bidding good-bye to a scene not soon to be met with again.

The Lieutenant gave his hand to Bell, and assisted her down the steep bank into the road; and we passed on until the window of the inn was found glimmering red through the moonlight. We cast a passing glance around. Bourton lay beneath us, asleep. The great landscape beyond remained dark and silent under the luminous whiteness of the air. The silence seemed too sacred to be broken.

"Good night," said Tita to the Lieutenant; "I hope you have spent at least one pleasant evening with us on this journey."

"I have spent many, Madame," he said, earnestly, "and many very pleasant mornings and days, and I hope we shall have a great many more. I do think we four ought to turn vagrants — gipsies, you call them — and go away altogether, and never go back any more to a large town."

"What do you say, Bell?" asked Tita, with a kindly, if half-mischievous, look.

"I suppose we get to Worcester to-morrow," said Bell, with not much appearance of joy in her face; and then she bade good-night to us all, and left with my Lady.

"There it is," said the Lieutenant, with an impatient flinging down of his cap on the table. "That is what interferes with all our pleasure. You go away on the most delightful excursion in the world — you have the most beautiful scenes, and pleasant companions, and freedom — everything you can wish; and then the young lady who ought to be more happy than anyone — who is at the time of life to have no care but to enjoy her prettiness and her good temper, and all that — who is the pleasant ornament of the excursion, and is a great delight to all of us — then she is vexed and frightened because that this — this — this contemptible fellow threatens to meet her in one of those big towns. Sacker-rrrrr-ment! I do hope he will come and have it over — but if he is annoying — if he vexes her any more —"

Thus do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves in the midst of our happiest circumstances. But at last there comes a time for sleep. And soon this solitary inn on the hill was as quiet and peaceful as the great world outside, where the moonlight seemed to have hushed the very winds to rest, and where the far woods

and the streams and the low hills along the edge of the land lay still and dark under the cold majesty of the stars.

[*Note by Queen Titania, written at Worcester on the evening of the following day.* — Any comment of mine on the foregoing is at the moment unnecessary; we have other matters to engage our attention. *Arthur has come.* I can find no words to express the deep and serious annoyance which this escapade is likely to cause. All our plans may be upset; for he can scarcely explain his present wild proceedings without provoking some sort of final agreement with Bell. And suppose she should consent to be engaged to him, how are we to continue our journey? Of course he will not allow her: if he had not disliked it, he would not be here now. Certainly, I *think* Bell has acted imprudently; for I told her that if she did not answer his letter, he would be sure to imagine all manner of things, and come and see her. The consequence is that she is, I fear, in a great dilemma; for I do not see how she can avoid either refusing him altogether, or consenting to *everything* that he asks. And as we can't continue our journey till Monday, he will have a whole day to persecute her into giving him an answer of some kind; and then she is so foolishly good-hearted that, if he is only pathetic enough, she will say "yes" to *everything*. It is *most provoking*. If we could only get this one day over, and him back to London!]

From Temple Bar.

RICHARD STEELE.

HAD Richard Steele not been so closely associated with Joseph Addison, posterity would have held him in higher estimation. But gay, reckless, extravagant Dicky, in the eyes of the English bugbear — Respectability — makes but a naughty figure beside grave, moral, thrifty Joseph. It is the story-books of our youth over again; the naughty nice boy would not appear to be half so naughty were he not coupled so constantly with the awfully oppressive goody boy. Joseph, however, was no anchorite; and there is no doubt, spite of the indignant denials of laudatory biographers, that he loved his bottle and his glass; but, then, he could always walk gravely and steadily after leaving the Kit-Cat Club, while Steele was frequently carried home therefrom. Albeit it has been said that Mr. Spectator only warmed into conversability when Isaac Bickerstaff was under the table. Of Addison's private life we know, comparatively, little. From the four hundred and odd letters written

to his wife which have been handed down to us, no man's domestic life has been ever laid so bare as that of Steele. These letters acquaint us with his every little peccadillo, with every little conjugal squabble, every little or big extravagance; we know every time that he took a glass too much, every time that he absented himself from home: no diary, no letters were ever so unconsciously truthful, for they were written to meet no eyes but those of the woman to whom they were addressed. How many of us, even in the present day, could come forth unblushingly from such a crucial test? But how many in that age—supposed to be mirrored in the pages of Congreve and Wycherley—could have shown as unsmirched as he? In our estimate of this man's character we must judge him by that which man *was* in the reign of Queen Anne, not by what man is in the reign of Queen Victoria.

He has had but scant justice done him at the hands of biographers, essayist, and historians; even his friends have treated him but scurvily, praising him only in the apologetic vein; while his detractors have denied to him the possession, not only of every respectable quality, but almost of all literary talent. At the head of these is that brilliant but most partial and untrustworthy of writers, where individual character or political bias is concerned, Thomas Babington Macaulay, whose calumnious attack upon the memory and fame of a great writer seems to have been dictated by no other motive than the desire to array his idol Addison in poor Steele's stolen raiment. But while numbering among his defenders such authors as Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, and John Forster, the manes of Isaac Bickerstaff may claim a hearing even after judgment has been pronounced by the great Whig historian.

Richard Steele was born in Dublin, in the year 1676. His family is said to have been of English extraction. His father was a counsellor-at-law, and had been private secretary to James, the first Duke of Ormond. Richard was brought over to England while a child, and was educated at the Charterhouse School: here commenced his friendship with Addison. Thence he proceeded to Oxford. While at the University, Steele made his first essay in literature—a comedy, which he afterwards suppressed. His strong animal spirits and erratic temperament disinclined him to scholarly pursuits, and he left college without taking a degree.

To be a soldier was the dearest wish of

his heart; to this career his family was violently opposed. But hot-headed impetuous Dick never abandoned an idea that once took possession of him without putting it in force; it might carry ruin, disgrace in its train—prudence found no place in his composition. So, finding that his friends would not purchase him a commission, he entered the Horse Guards as a private soldier. By this act of disobedience he forfeited the succession to a fine estate in Ireland. A dashing young fellow—witty, generous, and every inch a gentleman—could not long remain in this obscure position, and having attracted the attention of his officers, he was presented with an ensign's commission.

A wild young blood was Richard Steele in those days; but in his mind there was a perpetual contest between principle and practice: in principle he was a sincere lover of virtue and religion—in practice he was a gay-living man of the world. The result of this contention was a little book, entitled "The Christian Hero," printed in 1701, and written he says, "principally to fix upon his mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity to unwarrantable pleasures." In his professions of virtue he was undoubtedly sincere; but the flesh was stronger than the spirit.* The production of this serious book, the tenets of which were so utterly at variance with the writer's life, provoked the ridicule of the wild young officers, but procured him a substantial benefit in the shape of a captaincy in Lord Lucas's regiment of fusiliers.

In the same year, to regain his credit as a man of wit, he produced his first acted comedy—"The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode," a satire directed against lawyers and undertakers.† King William was so much pleased with the work that he con-

* This disposition to plety clung to him amidst all his follies, struggles, and errors. Under the date 1721 occurs this passage in his diary: "After the repeated perusal of Dr. Tillotson's seventh sermon in the third volume of the small edition of his admirable, comfortable writings, and after having done certain acts of benevolence and charity to some needy persons of merit, I went this day to the Holy Sacrament. In addition to the proper prayers of the Church, I framed for my private use the following prayer."

† In the play he quotes the following strange advertisement, which at that time really appeared upon a certain undertaker's door: "W. M., known and approved for his art of embalming, having preserved the corpse of a gentlewoman sweet and entire thirteen years without embowelling, and has reduced the corpses of several persons of quality to sweetness in Flanders and in Ireland after nine months' putrefaction in the ground, and they were known by their friends in England. No man performeth the like."

ceived a great regard for the author, which would doubtless have led to handsome patronage, had not the death of the monarch put an end to all such hopes. From Queen Anne, however, he obtained the appointment of Gazetteer, and of Gentleman Usher to Prince George of Denmark; while his friend Addison, now a rising man, recommended him to the ministers Halifax and Sunderland, who made him Commissioner of Stamps.

In 1704 was produced the comedy of "The Tender Husband," which proved a great success. In the composition of this work he was in some way assisted by Addison, whose services he thus generously acknowledged: "When the play above mentioned was last acted, there were so many applauded strokes in it which I had from the same hand, that I thought very meanly of myself that I had never publicly acknowledged them." This was written after the death of Addison, and consequently after that unhappy estrangement which sundered the friends during the latter portion of their lives. Steele's next comedy was "The Lying Lover," which proved a failure.

Although greatly admired in their day, and although containing much wit and humour, and many capably-drawn characters — of which materials succeeding dramatists unscrupulously availed themselves — Steele's comedies are almost unknown to the modern reader. Their tone is too professedly moral; they read too much like sermons in dialogue. This is especially the case in "The Lying Lover," which was composed after reading Jeremy Collier's book upon the immorality of the stage with a view to embody that writer's opinions, and as an effort towards the reform of that licentiousness which disfigured the dramatic literature of the age.

This was the age when ladies — and not over-prudish ladies — thought it necessary to appear at the theatre in masks, which hid blushes (?) evoked by the prurient dialogue of the play. "Some ladies," says the "Spectator," "wholly absent themselves from the playhouse, and others never miss the first night of a new play, lest it should prove too luscious to admit of their going with any countenance to a second." It was the age of the brilliant but vicious comedies of Congreve, Farquhar and Wycherley. Never has poor humanity cut so sorry a figure as in those eighteenth-century mirrors of nature, more especially in the mirror held up by the first of the illustrious trio. Connubial love and constancy, every domestic virtue,

were held up to ridicule: all the male characters were profligates, all the women shameless wantons; every plot turned upon deluded husbands and lawless gallantry.

Such was the stage that Steele endeavoured to purge of its grossness — such the characters that he desired to replace by beings actuated by moral impulses. And he did not labour in vain. Those old forgotten comedies of his were the pioneers of a purer drama, the true progenitors of the sentimental comedy — the origin of which is usually ascribed to a much later period — a species of composition which, however distasteful it may be to us of the nineteenth century, was at least cleanly and healthy in its moral tones; and those same old comedies led the way for the nobler works of Goldsmith and Sheridan, in which we have wit without ribaldry, humour without indecency. Hazlitt says: "The comedies of Steele were the first that were written expressly with a view, not to imitate, but to reform the manners of the age." But he adds: "It is almost a misnomer to call them comedies; they are rather homilies in dialogue, in which a number of very pretty young ladies and gentlemen discuss the fashionable topics of gaming, duelling, &c."

Thackeray, a by no means warm friend to Steele, writing of these comedies, gives him a yet higher praise: "It was Steele who first began to pay a manly homage to their (women's) goodness and understanding, as well as to their tenderness and beauty. In his comedies his heroes do not rant and rave about the divine beauties of Gloriana or Statira. Steele admires women's virtue, acknowledges their sense, and adores their purity and beauty, with an ardour that should win the goodwill of all women to their hearty and respectful champion."

To return to domestic affairs. Steele was twice married — first to a West Indian lady, from whom he inherited some property in Barbadoes (which he subsequently lost through a failure in the estate). This lady died a few months after their marriage. His second wife — his dear "Prue" — was Miss Mary Scurlock, daughter of Jonathan Scurlock, Esq., of Llangunnor, Carmarthenshire. Impatient and impetuous as usual, he wooed, won, and married her in a month. She was beautiful and fascinating, and possessed an annuity of four hundred a year; which was, however, burdened with a life-interest for her mother. Never was husband more devoted to wife than Richard Steele was to

his. Seven years after their marriage, he celebrated her virtues, with all the warmth of a lover, in a dedicatory address published in "The Ladies' Library"; while until her death his letters breathed throughout a spirit of the most devoted love — his "poor, dear, angry, pleased, pretty, witty, silly, everything Prue!" as he calls her in one of his epistles. How few husbands, however amiable and obedient, would write in this strain! — "Dear Prue, — Do not be displeased that I do not come home till eleven o'clock. — Yours ever, R. STEELE." "Dear Prue, — Forgive my dining abroad; and let Will carry the papers to Buckley's. — Your fond, devoted R. S." "Dear Prue, — I am very sleepy and tired, but could not think of closing my eyes till I had told you I am, dearest creature, your most affectionate husband, R. STEELE. — From the Press; one in the morning." How pathetically he writes after some little domestic misunderstanding! — "Oh, Prue, you are very unkind in writing in so cool a strain to the warmest, tenderest heart that ever woman commanded!" Again, upon a reconciliation: "I have often told you, I believe you have used enchantments to enslave me; for an expression of yours, of *good Dick*, has put me in so much rapture, that I could forget my present most miserable lameness, and walk down to you." He concludes with, "My dear little, peevish, wise governess, God bless you!" Another time he writes: "Do not talk of love, taking leave of an object — I love you to do-tage!" Such letters were not written in the first fervour of the honeymoon, but after years of married life.

It must not be imagined, however, that their domestic life was all honey; there was a strong flavour of acidity in it at times. His home was not a bed of roses. Mrs. S. was of a cold temperament, and of a fretful, shrewish temper; was very fond of lecturing, and of money — the latter a necessary and natural failing in the wife of "good Dick." Swift, writing to Stella, says: "He (Steele) is governed by his wife abominably; I never saw her since I came, nor has he ever made me an invitation; either he dare not, or he is such a Tisdal fellow, that he never minds it. So what care I for his wit, for he is the worst company in the world till he has a bottle of wine in his hand?" But "Prue" (a nickname given her by her husband for obvious reasons) loved her spouse, if we may believe the sentiments expressed in the following lines, written by her in an early year of her wedded life: —

"Ah! Dick Steele, that I were sure
Your love, like mine, would still endure;
That time nor absence, which destroys
The cares of lovers and their joys,
May never rob me of that part
Which you have given me of your heart.
Others unenvied may possess
Whatever they think happiness;
Grant this, O God, my great request,
In his dear arms may I for ever rest!"

With his usual heedlessness, Steele began his married life with an expensive establishment. He had a town-house in Bury Street, St. James's, and a country-house at Hampton Court, which, in jesting comparison to Great Palace, he called "The Hovel." It was anything, however, rather than a hovel, in the accepted meaning of the word. Its costly furniture obliged him to contract a loan with Addison.* He drove a chariot-and-pair, and sometimes four. Writing to his wife upon this subject, he thus endeavours to excuse the extravagance of his expenditure: "I am now at a present juncture in my affairs, and my friends are in great power, so that it would be highly necessary for us to be in the figure of life which we shall think it convenient to appear in as soon as may be, that I may prosecute my expectations in a busy way while the wind is for me, with just consideration that about a Court it will not always blow one way." From this time may be dated those pecuniary embarrassments by which he was harassed throughout the remainder of his life. Many amusing anecdotes are told of the dilemmas in which he was placed and the shifts to which he was reduced by the chronic want of cash.

In his house in York Place he had fitted up a private theatre; when it was nearly completed, being desirous of testing its acoustic properties, he ordered the master-workman to mount upon the platform, and to speak a few sentences in an audible voice, while he (Steele) would remove himself to the other extremity of the room. The man mounted the platform, and spoke as follows: "Sir Richard Steele, here has I and these here men been doing your work for three months, and never seen the colour of your money. When are you to pay us? I must pay my journeymen, and money I must have!" Steele assured him that the sound was excellent, although the matter of the discourse was not quite to

* This loan was repaid within a year, but was afterwards renewed. It was for the payment of this subsequent loan that Addison pressed his friend so cruelly hard — he said only to give him a severe lesson. It is to be hoped that this explanation of his conduct was a true one.

his mind. At another time he gave a grand dinner-party at his house, to which he invited guests of the highest quality. All were surprised at the number of livery-servants in attendance, and upon one more intimate than the rest remarking the circumstance, he confessed that nearly the entire retinue was composed of bailiffs, whom he had thus rendered both useful and ornamental. Mightily amused at the ingenuity of the contrivance, the guests subscribed together to discharge the debts and the undesirable attendants at the same time. Savage, the poet, was to have married Steele's natural daughter; but, on account of the disgraceful conduct of that unhappy man, the marriage never took place. One day, upon Savage calling at the house, Steele drove him in his carriage to a tavern, ordered a dinner, and while it was being prepared, dictated a pamphlet to his guest. After dinner he sent him away to Grub Street to sell it, saying he would remain there at the tavern until he returned. Steele absented himself from home that day, to avoid those attached friends of his—the bailiffs, and having no money in his pocket, had composed the pamphlet to pay for the dinner he had ordered. He was once invited to a grand party given at Blenheim, at which there were private theatricals. When the guests departed, a troop of fee-expectant servants lined the hall; but Steele, as usual, had no cash. Nothing abashed, however, he addressed the footmen, and after telling them how much he had been struck by the good taste with which he had seen them applaud everything in the right places, he finished up by inviting them all gratis to Drury Lane (he was at that time the holder of the patent), to whatever play they might wish to bespeak.

These anecdotes belong to a later period of his life than that at which I have at present arrived. It must be confessed, Dicky Steele, that there was much of the Jeremy Diddler about thee; much that Respectability—that English golden calf—would hide its sour face at! Thou wast Bohemianish in thy tastes and habits, but yet thou hadst much in thee that was grateful to a higher God than Mammon.

The first number of the "Tatler" appeared on the 12th of April, 1709, a date that marks one of the most important eras in modern literature. It was the first periodical work ever published in this country, and was the precursor of the modern magazine and the modern novel. It was published three times a week—

Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; its size was a half-sheet folio, and its price was one penny. The exact circulation is not known, but it was undoubtedly very large. In addition to its pleasant satire upon the follies of the age, its pathetic little stories and allegories, it also contained the news of the day. Those papers which related to pleasures and entertainments were dated from White's Coffee-house; poetry from Wills's; more learned articles from the Grecian; foreign and domestic news from St. James's; and the miscellaneous from his own lodgings, where, with his usual discrepancy between precept and practice, he penned satires upon the follies of fashion in an enormous fifty-guinea black peruke.

"Isaac Bickerstaff"—the soubriquet under which he wrote—was, says Macaulay, "an imaginary person almost as well known in that age as Mr. Paul Pry or Mr. Samuel Pickwick in ours." It was Swift, however, and not Steele, who first wrote under that title. There was a celebrated astrologer and composer of prophetic almanacks named John Partridge, upon whose predictions Swift wrote a satire, in which he foretold, under the name of "Isaac Bickerstaff, astrologer," that John Partridge would die upon a certain date in the ensuing year. As soon as the date was passed, Swift sent forth another pamphlet, in which he solemnly averred that his prophecy was fulfilled, and that John Partridge was no more: upon which the irate almanack-maker wrote a vehement reply, to announce to the world that he was still living. The amusement occasioned by this absurd paper-war may be imagined. While the town was yet laughing over it, the first number of the "Tatler," appeared, in which Steele assumed the now famous *nom de plume* of "Isaac Bickerstaff." He thus wittily alludes to the mock prophecy, and to the protest of John Partridge: 'I have in another place, and in a paper by itself, sufficiently convinced this man that he is dead; and if he has any shame, I do not doubt that by this time he owns it to all his acquaintances: for though the legs and arms and whole body of that man may still appear and perform their animal functions, yet since—as I have elsewhere observed—his art is gone, the man is gone.'

The plan of the "Tatler"—and the "Spectator" was but a continuance of the same—was Steele's invention alone. Just before the appearance of the first number, Addison had departed for Ireland, and was

even ignorant of his friend's connection with this novel venture, until, upon reading one of the papers, he discovered a criticism upon a passage in "Virgil," which had been previously communicated to him by Steele. But although Addison began to contribute after the sixth number, he was not a regular contributor until after the eightieth. Of the two hundred and seventy-one numbers of which the "Tatler" is composed, only forty-one are ascribed to Addison, thirty-four to the two friends jointly, twelve to Swift, and the remainder to Steele alone. And yet Macaulay asserts that the work would have possessed no value but for the assistance of Addison. Truly, then, the wheat is in very small proportion to the chaff!

Much of the misunderstanding as to the relative merits of the two authors has arisen from a too liberal interpretation of the self-denying generosity with which Steele blazoned the value of his coadjutor's assistance in the following passage, which occurs in the first collected edition of the "Tatler":—"This good office he performed with such force of genius, humour, wit, and learning, that I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence upon him." In another place (this after Addison's death) he says: "I rejoiced in being excelled, and made those talents—whatever they are—which I have, give way and be subservient to the superior qualities of a friend whom I loved." Thus wrote Steele, and the world believed him.

Of the effect produced upon the town by the "Tatler," Gay thus writes in his "Present State of Wit":—"It is incredible to conceive the effect his writings have had upon the town; how many thousand follies they have either quite banished, or given a great check to; how much countenance they have added to virtue and religion; how many people they have rendered happy, by showing that it was their own fault if they were not so; and, lastly, how entirely they have convinced our fops and young men of the advantage of learning." Colley Cibber, speaking of the effect of his writings upon the theatrical world, says:—"There was scarcely a comedian of merit in the whole company whom his 'Tatler' had not made better by his public recommendation of them, and many days had our house been filled by the credit and influence of his pen."

A fine critic (Hazlitt) has thus com-

pared the "Tatler" with the "Spectator":—"It contains" (he writes) "only half the number of volumes, and, I will venture to say, at least an equal quantity of wit and sense. The first sprightly runnings are there; it has more of the original spirit, more of the freshness and of the stamp of nature. The indications of character and strokes of humour are more true and frequent; the reflections that suggest themselves arise more from the occasion, and are less spun out into regular dissertations."

The same authority, in another place, draws an equally just parallel between the two great writers themselves: "Steele seems to have gone into his closet chiefly to set down what he had observed out-of-doors. Addison seems to have spent most of his time in his study, and to have spun out and wiredrawn the hints which he borrowed from Steele, or took from nature to the utmost."

Mark the phrase, "*which he borrowed from Steele.*" Of all Addison's writings, those upon which his fame is the most solidly based are the "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers," and his criticism upon Milton; and for the idea of these he was indebted to Steele. The sixth number of the "Tatler" contains a criticism on Milton, which is the germ of the more lengthy and elaborate essay in the "Spectator"; while the second number of that last-named work, which contains the first sketch of the immortal Club, including even Sir Roger himself, is Steele's own composition. I have no desire to rob Addison of the well-deserved fame he has acquired by that exquisite creation, which, left in the hands of his friend alone, would have lacked much of its fine finish; but let us not enrich that fame at the expense of that of another.

Steele was the first writer who approached to a just appreciation of Shakespeare's genius; how admirably he has described the vivifying power of the great dramatist in the following sentence!—"Shakespeare seems suffering the events represented, while other writers merely look on." In care and polish of style Steele is, as a rule far behind his coadjutor: the former wrote too hurriedly, frequently composing his papers in the printing-office while the press waited, and bestowing but little care upon their correction; and yet, in felicity of expression and delicacy of wit, his writings contain passages of which few parallels can be adduced. Here are a few, selected at random.

Speaking of the education of women:—"You deliver your daughter to a dancing-master; you put a collar round her neck and teach her every movement, under pain of never having a husband if she steps or looks awry; and all the time you forget the true art, which is to make the mind and body improve together, to make gesture follow thoughts, and not let thoughts be employed upon gesture." Again: "Any doctrine on the subject of dying, other than that of living well, is the most insignificant and most empty of all labours of men."—"Learning does not improve in us what nature endowed us with, for not to have good sense with learning is only to have more ways of exposing oneself: and to have sense is to know that learning itself is not knowledge."—"He who thinks no man his superior but for virtue, and no man his inferior but for vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place; but will be as ready frequently to emulate men in rank below him, as to avoid and pity those above."—"A vain fellow takes twice as much pains to be ridiculous as would make him sincerely agreeable." But most exquisite of all is this passage, from an eulogy upon Lady Elizabeth Hastings: "Yet though her mien carries much more of invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour, and to love her is a liberal education."

I could go on for pages with such extracts as these—with passages and stories of exquisite pathos, such as *Inkle and Yarico*, the *Dream*; with pages of witty satire—such as the description of Jack Simple, who upon going to a party spends half an hour in the anteroom trying to catch a careless air, and as a natural consequence produces a highly artificial one, and who is constantly running back to the mirror to recollect his forgetfulness. But let the reader take down the volumes of the "Tatler," and find them for himself.

With the two hundred and seventy-first number, in the very height of its popularity, without a word of warning even to Addison, Steele brought the "Tatler" to a close. In the meantime he had lost the place of *Gazetteer*, in consequence of an article written against *Harley*: Swift endeavoured to mediate, but political feelings ran too high.*

On the 1st of March, 1711, appeared the

* The heat and honesty of his political bias can alone excuse Steele from the charge of ingratitude in this affair. It was *Harley* who procured him the place, and who afterwards raised his salary from sixty pounds to three hundred.

first number of the "Spectator." Its success was immediate and enormous. In No. 10 Addison states the circulation to have been three thousand daily—a very large issue, when we consider that it must have been confined almost to London alone. There were no trains, or even stage-coaches, in those days, to whirl away thousands of copies to the remotest ends of the kingdom for each morning's reading. Upon the stamp-duty being imposed, the circulation fell off one-half. When the entire series of the "Spectator" was collected into guinea volumes the sale reached 9000 copies. As I have before stated, the sketch of the Club was written by Steele; he also wrote one-third of the thirty papers devoted to Sir Roger de Coverley. Of the 555 papers contained in the first series, 274 were written by Addison, and 236 by Steele. It is somewhat remarkable that the periodical should have sustained its high reputation when so large a portion of it was the work of one whose essays are stigmatized by Macaulay as trivial and commonplace. The remaining fifty-five papers were composed by various hands—by authors quite unknown to the general reader, if we except Swift and Pope. But so great was the estimation in which the "Spectator" was held, that to have written one article in it was sufficient to make a man famous for the rest of his life. After the publication of No. 555 there was an interval. Then a second series was produced, of which the articles were almost wholly written by Addison, assisted occasionally by Budgell. The two series, which were afterwards collected into eight volumes, consisted of 635 numbers. As far as can be ascertained, those papers signed "Clio" are by Addison; those signed "T. & R." are by Steele. But there is much doubt upon the subject.

On the 12th of March, 1715, was published the first number of the "Guardian." In this publication, Steele created a new set of characters, of which Nestor Ironside, the guardian of the Lizard family, was the central figure. With the ninety-seventh number, Addison became a contributor. But the work attained nothing approaching the fame of its predecessors. Steele embroiled it in political disputes; in one of his articles he fiercely attacked Swift, as the supposed author of a violent Tory paper in the "Examiner." The latter denied the authorship—whether truthfully or not it is difficult at the present day to ascertain; yet it must be admitted that the calmness and moderation of his denial contrasts very favourably with the undue

virulence of his opponent. But Steele was a furious Whig, who sacrificed not only his friends but himself upon the altar of his creed. The end of the matter was a total estrangement from Swift, and the abrupt close of the "Guardian" with the one hundred and seventy-fifth number.

In the same year appeared "Town Talk," "Chit Chat," and "The Tea-Table." But none of these extended beyond a few numbers. They were followed by a political journal, entitled "The Englishman," which was published thrice a week, and in which appeared his famous article upon the demolition of Dunkirk, which raised much excitement at the time.* About the same time he published "The Crisis," a bitter pamphlet, advocating the principles of the Revolution, and the alienation of the crown from the Stuarts.

In those days of Tory ascendancy, and with a Stuart, not wholly indifferent to the ties of blood, upon the throne, such extreme opinions were not calculated to advance his worldly interests. The Duke of Newcastle had put him in nomination for Stockbridge, in Dorset; but within a few days he was expelled from his seat, for writing libellous articles against the Government in "The Englishman."

With the death of the Queen, however, and the accession of George I., his prospects revived. For the services he had rendered the House of Hanover, in so persistently advocating its cause during the preceding reign, he was put in the Commission of the Peace for Middlesex, appointed Surveyor of the Royal Stables at Hampton Court, and knighted by the King. He was at the same time nominated for Boroughbrigg, in Yorkshire, and presented by Walpole with five hundred pounds for special services. He was also appointed to be one of the Commissioners for inquiring into the estates forfeited by the rebellion in Scotland, in which appointment the natural magnanimity of his disposition was most admirably displayed. Of the intensity and honesty of his political convictions — the latter a somewhat unique virtue in that era of Walpolean corruption — there cannot be two opinions; and yet he was the most ardent advocate for mercy to be extended to the condemned peers. "All noble geniuses in the art of government," he said, "have less owed their safety to punishments

and terror than to grace and magnanimity."

All this, however, was little more than barren honour, and far below that which his sacrifices had merited. But gratitude was never a Whig virtue. In a letter to his wife, written about this period, he says: "I know, and you are my witness, that I have served the Royal Family with an unreservedness due only to Heaven, and I am now (I thank my brother Whigs) not possessed of twenty shillings from the favour of the Court."

Addison, the cautious, fared much better; he was made a Secretary of State.

Although his penetration and sagacity could pierce through the fallacies of the South Sea Bubble, and his honesty denounce them, yet about the same time, bitten by one of his ever-recurring, unreasoning whimsies, he plunged madly into that extraordinary Fish Pool project, by which he proposed to bring over fish alive from the coast of Ireland to London by means of a constant stream of air and water, to be supplied while crossing the Channel. The only result of this scheme to better his fortunes was to excite a large amount of ridicule, and to entail upon himself a large pecuniary loss.

Having by invitation, joined Cibber, Wilks, Dogget, he became chief manager of Drury Lane Theatre; and by his interest at Court procured a licence in their joint names in place of that held by Collier, with whom the triumvirate had long been dissatisfied. This licence was soon afterwards changed into a patent. His salary was seven hundred pounds a year, liable to the condition that no other company should perform in London. When the new theatre was opened in Lincoln's Inn, the company, in anticipation of a reduction of their revenue, wished to commute this salary into a share of the receipts: upon which Sir Richard assured them, says Cibber, "that he should always think himself obliged to come into any measures for their use and service; that to be a burden to their industry would be more disagreeable to him than it could be to them; and, as he had always taken a delight in his endeavours for their prosperity, he should still be ready, on their own terms, to continue them. . . . Every one," continues Cibber, "who knew Sir Richard in his prosperity (before the effects of his goodnature had brought him to distress), knows that this was his manner of dealing with his friend in business." When he obtained the patent, it was agreed between himself and the managers, that it

* The pith of the article was an accusation against the Tories for concluding a premature peace with France, and for not insisting upon the demolition of the fortifications of Dunkirk, as stipulated by treaty.

should be granted to him during his life, and to his heirs for three years afterward, at the expiration of which time it should become the property of the company. But the agreement being drawn up in a hurry, it was so inaccurately worded, that it gave Sir Richard not only the right of the patent, but of the whole property of the managers. "But Sir Richard," to again quote the words of Cibber, "notwithstanding, when he returned to town, took no advantage of the mistake." Upon his opposing the Earl of Sunderland's bill to fix permanently the number of peers (1719) he was called upon by the Duke of Newcastle (then Lord Chamberlain) to resign the patent. In vain he appealed against the demand; he was met by arrogance and insult. He then started a paper entitled *The Theatre*, in which he vindicated himself, and represented how the closing of the establishment would reduce sixty families to indigence. But all to no purpose—the patent was revoked and Cibber dismissed.

Upon Walpole's restoration to power, in 1721, he regained the patent. According to Cibber, his subsequent conduct towards the comedians was not of so honourable a character as that which has just been detailed. It appears that during two or three years, being at that time harassed by lawsuits and pecuniary difficulties, he gave but little attention to the care and management of the stage; that he was ever borrowing beyond his income, and when the loans were stopped he absented himself altogether; but notwithstanding, when his embarrassments came to a crisis, he made an assignment of his share, contrary to agreement, to his creditors. I have dwelt thus long upon this epoch of his life, because it presents an epitome, as it were, of the man's character—his generosity, his carelessness, and the often far from honourable shifts to which he was reduced to obtain money. But, after all, his debts amounted to only four thousand pounds, and there is reason to believe that every creditor's claim was fully satisfied. His wife's fortune he had settled upon his children. Not such a very bad winding-up of the affairs of a man of whose spendthrift habits so much has been written. The fact is, that his means were never adequate to his position in life, that his realities never realized his hopes, and that early in life he became involved in debts that time continued to accumulate. He did what nine-tenths of us who yet do not deserve the name of spendthrifts are doing now—he lived beyond his means.

That opposition to the Peer Bill was fraught with yet more painful consequences than the loss of the patent; it was the cause of the estrangement between Steele and Addison—the breaking-up of that friendship that had existed through so many years. Addison advocated the bill in the *Old Whig*; Steele opposed it in the *Plebeian*, started on the 14th of March, 1719; and it must be remembered, to the honour of his political honesty, that it was his own party's measure. Charge and countercharge ran high, and words were exchanged that could not be forgiven. But although the intimacy was severed, the death of his old friend and fellow-labourer awoke in Steele's breast all the old self-denying generous feelings of the past, and he never spoke of him but in the most tender and eulogistic terms. The following exquisite picture of their friendship—a picture that only love could have painted—is extracted from the twelfth number of "The Theatre":—"There never was a more strict friendship" (says Steele) "than between these gentlemen, nor had they ever any difference but what proceeded from their different way of pursuing the same thing. The one, with patience, foresight, and temperate address, always waited and stemmed the torrent; while the other often plunged himself in it, and was as often taken out by the temper of him who stood weeping on the bank for his safety, whom he could not dissuade from leaping into it. Thus these two men lived for some years past, shunning each other, but still preserving the most passionate concern for their mutual welfare. But when they met they were as unreserved as boys, and talked of the greatest affairs, upon which they saw where they differed, without pressing (what they knew impossible) to convert each other."

His last literary work was the comedy of "Conscious Lovers," produced in 1722. It was an immense success. The King was so well pleased with it that he presented the author with five hundred pounds. He commenced two other comedies, but they were never finished.

After the death of Lady Steele, which melancholy event happened in 1718, his downward progress was rapid, and the ever impending ruin, which her prudence and economy had contrived to arrest during so many years, utterly overwhelmed him. In 1723, broken in health and fortune, he retired to Bath, where another domestic affliction fell upon him—the loss of his son. In 1726 an attack of paralysis gave the last blow to his shattered constitution. The last years of his life were

spent in Carmarthenshire, where he resided upon the estate of his late wife. There, amidst the sweet solitudes of green fields and trees, of which he had at times discoursed so charmingly, far away from the haunts and turmoil of that great world whose manners and follies he had painted in such immortal colours, Isaac Bickerstaff passed the gloaming of his days. A writer of the last century says: "I was told that he retained his cheerful sweetness of temper to the last, and would often be carried out of a summer's evening, where the country lads and lasses were assembled at their rural sports, and with his pencil gave an order on his agent for a new gown to the best dancer." What a strange end of the gay dashing officer, the wit of the Kit-Cat Club, the critic of "The Theatre," the frequenter of Wills' and Whites' the satirist of fashion, the man whose genius and humour had delighted the world of London for years!

He died on the 11th of September, 1729, at the age of fifty-eight. He lies buried in the chancel of Carmarthen church. His character was a strange compound of good and evil, of admirable principles and faulty practices. A slave to caprice, he would sacrifice the gravest objects of life to gratify the whim of a moment. He says of himself, "I was always of the humour of preferring the state of my mind to the state of my fortune." Such a man is, above all others, the most liable to be misconceived by an English posterity. But amidst all these faults, he was an admirable husband, a most generous friend, one who was ever praising the genius of his colleagues at the expense of his own; and in an age of universal political corruption he was an immaculately honest politician, ever ready to sacrifice his private interests to those convictions which he believed were profitable to his country — virtues, in my humble opinion, sufficient to counterbalance errors which arose from impecuniosity and a jovial temperament.

As a writer — although he was not gifted with the genius of Swift, and did not possess the polished philosophic vein of Addison; although many of our humourists possessed a keener spirit of satire, and a profounder knowledge of the heart — he is more human and less bookish than any other writer of the eighteenth century. His essays more resemble the gossip of a friend than the elaborations of an author. There is no scent of the midnight oil, nor of Russia, calf, nor printer's-ink about his lucubrations. The man has stepped out of Fleet Street, with the hum of traffic and

the voices of the crowd in his ears, to write down what he has seen and heard. His library was the coffee-house and the street — his books men and women. If he describes a deathbed scene, or tells a pathetic story, it is not with the trickery of an author striving for effect, but with the simple unconscious pathos of a man who has witnessed the scene, and is still under its saddening influences. Turn to one of his essays after reading Addison, and it is like emerging into the woods and fields after the perusal of some fine pastoral poem: the poem was very beautiful, very vivid, but it lacked the fresh breeze, the freedom, the vigorous reality of life.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

STORY OF THE PLEBISCITE.

TOLD BY ONE OF THE SEVEN MILLION FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND WHO VOTED "YES."

X.

WE arrived at the door of Jacques Desjardins about seven in the morning; he had just got up, and was taking coffee with his wife and his children.

At the first sight of us, Desjardins stood with his mouth wide open, and his wife and his children were preparing for flight, or to call for help; but when I said: "Good morning, cousin; it is we," Desjardins cried: "Good heavens! it is Christian and George Weber! What has happened?"

"Yes, it is we, indeed, cousin," said George. "See what a condition the Prussians have brought us to."

"The Prussians! Ah, the brigands!" said Desjardins. "Lise, send to the butcher for some chops — get some wine up. Ah! my poor cousins. I think you must want to change your clothes too."

"Yes," said George; "and to shave."

"Well, come then. Whilst your breakfast is getting ready, you will change your shirts and clothes. You will put on mine, until yours have been washed. Good gracious! is it possible?"

He took us into a beautiful room upstairs; he opened the linen drawers. Cousin Lise was coming to fill our basins with clean warm water.

"Put on my shoes and stockings too," said Desjardins. "Here are my razors. Make yourselves comfortable. Ah! those thieves and rogues of Germans! Did they, indeed, treat you in that way — a mayor and a person of such respectability?"

Then she left the room, and we began to throw off our clothes. The sight of our stockings, our neckerchiefs, and our shirts made this kind old father Desjardins groan; for he was one of the best of men. He could hardly believe his eyes, and said: "My poor cousins! you have had a dreadful bad time."

Our first business was to get a good wash. The nice clean white shirts were already spread open upon the bed; and I cannot tell you what pleasure I experienced in feeling this nice fresh linen next to my skin.

After this I shaved, while George was recounting our misfortunes to our cousin, who interrupted him at every moment, crying: "What! what! Did the barbarous creatures carry their cruelty to such a point? Then they are bandits indeed! Never has the like been seen!"

I wiped myself dry and comfortable, even to behind the ears, and passed the razor to George. Our cousin Desjardins lent me a pair of stockings, trousers, a blouse and nice dry shoes. We were about the same height, and never had I been more comfortable in my life.

Then George dressed; and just as we were finishing, the servant came tapping at the door, to announce breakfast; and we came down, full of grateful feelings.

Cousin Lise and the children were waiting to embrace us; for they did not dare come near us before, and now they were anxious to excuse themselves for having received us so badly. But it was natural enough, and we did not feel hurt.

I need not tell you with what appetites we breakfasted. George began again the story of our misfortunes for Cousin Lise and the children, who were listening with eyes wide open with amazement, and cried: "Is it really possible? How much you must have suffered, and how happy you must be now you are safe!"

When we had finished she told us that all this was the doing of the Jesuits; that those people had sent abroad evil reports of the Protestants; and that now, the Prussians having proved victorious, they were preaching against Gambetta and Garibaldi. She told us that it was those people who had excited the Emperor to declare war, supposing that their Society would have nothing to lose and everything to gain by it; that if the French should conquer, they would crush the Lutherans; and that if the French lost, Chambord would be set up again, to restore to the Pope the ancient patrimony of St. Peter.

Thus spoke Cousin Lise, an elderly wo-

man, with hair turning grey, and who took a pleasure in discussing these subjects.

But George, after emptying his glass, answered that the true cause of all our misfortunes was the army; that that army was not the army of the nation, but of the Emperor, who bestowed rank, honours, pensions, and grants of money; that the interest of such an army is ever opposed to that of the country and the people, because the army wants war, to get promotion; but the people want peace, to work, bring up their children, and gain a livelihood.

Cousin Desjardins agreed with him; and when coffee was brought, Lise and her children went out. Pipes were lighted, and our cousin told us the latest news.

Desjardins had many books, like most of the Protestants, and received newspapers from all quarters; first of all, the *Independance Belge*, then papers from Cologne, Frankfurt, Berne in Switzerland, Geneva, and elsewhere. At his age — having a son fifty years old — he did not trouble himself much now about dyeing or business, and spent his time in reading.

He was therefore a better-informed man than we were, and one in whom we could place full confidence. It was from him that we heard of the splendid defence of Chateaudun, the landing of Garibaldi at Marseilles, and his appointment as General of the Army of the Vosges, the march of the Bavarians under Von der Tann upon the Loire, and the arrival of the francs-tireurs in our mountains, in the direction of Epinal and Raon l'Etape. He read to us that fine proclamation of Gambetta to the French people, setting forth the high purpose of the inhabitants of Paris, their inexhaustible means of defence, the organization of the citizens as National Guards, the union and harmony of all in this moment of difficulty, and the victualing of the city for several months, which should raise the spirit of the provinces and give them courage to follow so noble an example.

I still remember this passage, which stirred me like a trumpet:

"Citizens of the departments, this position of affairs imposes important duties upon you. The first of all is to allow no other occupation whatever to divert your attention from the war — from a struggle to the very last extremity; the second is, until peace shall be made, loyally to accept the Republican power, which has sprung equally from necessity and from right principle. You must have but one thought: to rescue France from the abyss

into which it has been plunged by the Empire. There is no want of men: all that is wanting is determination, decision and continuity in the execution of plans; what we have lost by the disgraceful capitulation of Sedan is arms. The whole of the resources of our nation had been directed upon Sedan, Metz, and Strasbourg; and we might justly conclude that by one final and guilty plot, the author of all our disasters had schemed, in falling, to deprive us of all means of repairing the ruin he had caused!"

"He is quite capable," cried George. "Yes, I am sure the *honest man* contrived to leave himself a back door into Prussia."

Cousin Desjardins continued: "At this moment, thanks to the extraordinary exertions of patriotic men, arrangements have been concluded, the end and object of which is to draw to ourselves all the disposable muskets in all the markets of the globe. The difficulty of effecting this negotiation was very serious: it is now overcome. With regard to equipments and clothing, manufactories and workshops will be multiplied, and materials laid under requisition wherever needed; neither hands nor zeal on the part of workers are wanting, nor will money be lacking. All our immense resources must be called into play, the lethargy of the rural districts shaken into activity, partizan warfare spread in all directions. Let us, therefore, rise as one man, and suffer death rather than submit to the disgrace of a partition of our country."

The enthusiasm of George rose with every sentence.

"Good! good!" cried he, "This is speaking to some purpose. Once give the impulse, and the object will soon be gained. Our youths will take up arms *en masse*. One victory, only one, and all France would rise; we should fall like hail on the backs of the scoundrels; they would be looked out for at every corner in the woods: not a man would live to get back again!"

Cousin Desjardins, having folded up his papers said nothing; I, too, was full of my own thoughts.

"And you, cousin," said I, "have you any confidence?"

And only after a minute's silence, and having taken a good pinch of snuff, to waken up his ideas—for he took snuff, like all the old folks, but did not smoke; after a moment he spoke: "No, Christian, I have no hope: but it is not the Germans that I fear; they have taken Strasbourg;

after a time they will have Metz by starvation—that is already settled. They are besieging Verdun; Soissons has just fallen into their hands; they have invested Paris; they are advancing upon Orleans. Well, in spite of all this, it is not the Germans that I fear."

"Who then?" asked George.

Without noticing the question, he continued: "France is so strong, so brave, so rich, so intelligent, that in a few months she could have flung these barbarians across the Rhine again; but what alarms me, is the enemies in our midst."

"Nobody is moving," said I.

"It is just because no one is moving that the Germans are on the Loire;" said he, fixing his clear, grey eyes upon me. "If the question was to restore Chambord, Ferdinand Philippe, or even Bonaparte IV., you would see all the old councillors-general, all the councillors of the arrondissements, all the préfets, sous-préfets, magistrates, police inspectors, receivers of taxes, comptrollers, *gardes généraux*, mayors, and deputy mayors in the field. No matter which of the three, for the principal object is to have a Monsieur who has crosses, promotions, pensions, and perquisites to give: whichever of the lot, it is all the same to them; they only want just one such man! These people would move heaven and earth for their man: they would put the peasants into line by thousands, they would sing the Marseillaise, they would shout 'the country is in danger!' And the bishops, the priests, the curés, the vicars, would preach the holy war; France would drive the Prussians to the farthest corner of Prussia; arms, munition of war, stores would be found for every day! But as it is a Republic, and as the Republic demands the separation of Church and State, free education, compulsory military service; as it declares that all must contribute to the public good, that a rich fool is not a better man than a poor but able man; and because on this principle, merit would be everything, and intrigues and knavery go to the wall, they had rather see France dismembered than consent to a Republic! What would become of the good places of the senators, the peers of France, prefects, chamberlains, squires, receivers-general, stewards, marshals, influential deputies, and bishops under a Republic? They would all be put into one basket; and they don't want that. They would rather have the King of Prussia than the Republic, if the King of Prussia would only engage to keep all the good places for them. Yes, in their eyes *la*

patrie means lucrative places and pensions. It is not the first time that the Germans have been relied upon to restore order in France. Marie Antoinette had already ceded Alsace to Austria, to have her ante-chambers filled again with smooth-faced, obsequious old servitors. Passing events bring back those times again. Formerly the hunters after pensions, the egotists who wanted to snap up everything and leave nothing for the people, were called *nobles*; now it is the *bourgeois* trained by the Jesuits. But at that time the chiefs of the Republic were resolved upon the triumph of justice. They did not leave the functionaries and the generals of Louis XVI. at the head of the administrations and of the armies. These great patriots had common sense. They established republican municipalities in every commune; they gave the command of our armies to republican generals; they restrained the *réactionnaires*; and having cleared our territory of Germans, they judged those who had called them in; and France was saved.

"The same thing would happen to-day, in spite of all the preparations of Germany, in spite of the treason of Bonaparte, who, seeing his dynasty sacrificed by his own incapacity, gave up our last army at Sedan, to stay the victory of the Republic.

"Yes, notwithstanding the egotism of this unhappy man, we might yet beat the Germans, if the Royalists were not at the head of our affairs; but they are everywhere. In Paris, they command the National Guard and the army; in the provinces, they are forming those famous councils-general, whence have been drawn the juries to acquit Pierre Bonaparte, and who would without shame sentence Gambetta to death if they were assembled to try him. Instead of helping this brave man, this good patriot to save France, they will obstruct him; they will run sticks between the spokes of his wheels; they will hinder him from getting the necessary levies; they will damp the enthusiasm of the people. See what all these German papers say: they cannot sufficiently abuse Gambetta, who is defending his country, nor sufficiently flatter the councils-general named under the Empire."

"But, then," said George, "must we surrender?"

"No," replied Desjardins. "Although we are sure of being vanquished, we must show that we are still the old race: that its roots are not dead, and that the tree will sprout again. If we had reeled and fallen under the blow of Sedan, the con-

tempt of Europe and of the whole world would have covered us for ever. The nation has risen since. It seems incredible. Without armies, or guns, or muskets, or victuals, or military stores, betrayed, surprised, overrun in all directions, this nation has risen again! It defends itself! One brave man has been found sufficient to raise its courage. What other nation would have done as much? I am, therefore, of opinion that the struggle must be maintained to the end, that the Germans may be made, as it were, ashamed of their victory. They have been fifty years preparing; they have hidden themselves from us, to spy upon us in time of peace; they have dissembled their hatred; they have brought their whole power to bear upon us; they have studied the question under every aspect; they threw against us, at the opening of the campaign, 600,000 men against 220,000; they are going to attack our raw conscripts with their best troops; they will be five and six against one; they will call Russia to their help if they want it; and then they will proclaim, 'We are the conquerors!' They will not be ashamed to say, 'We have vanquished France. Now it is we who are *La Grande Nation*!'"

"All that," said George, "is possible. But, in the meantime, we may win a battle; and, if we gain a victory, things will be different. We shall gain fresh courage, and the landwehr who are sent against us — almost all fathers of families — will ask no better than to return home."

"The landwehr have not a word to say," replied Desjardins: "they are not consulted; those fellows march where they are ordered; they have long been subject to military discipline. It is a machine: nothing but a machine; but a machine of crushing weight."

Then Cousin Desjardins told us that, having travelled long in Germany before and after 1848, on business, he had seen how these people detested us: that they envied us; that we were an offence to them; that hatred of the French was taught in their schools; that they thought themselves our superiors, on account of their religion, which is simple and natural; while ours, with all its ceremonies, its Latin chants, its tapers and its tinsel, induced them to look upon us as an inferior race, like the negroes, who are only fond of red, and hang rings in their noses; that, especially, they deemed their women more virtuous and more worthy of respect than ours: this they attribute also to their superior religion, which keeps them at home, while ours pass their time in all sorts of

ceremonies, and neglect their first duties.

Desjardins had even had a serious dispute upon this subject with a schoolmaster, being unable to hear an avowal of such an opinion of Frenchwomen; amongst whom we number Jeanne d'Arc and other heroines, whose grandeur of character German women are unable to comprehend.

He told us that, from this point of view, the Germans, and especially the Prussians, considered us Alsacians and Lorrainers as exiles from fatherland, and unfortunate in being under the dominion of a debased race, kept in ignorance by the priests.

George, on hearing this, became furious, and cried that we had more intelligence and more sense than all the Germans put together.

"Yes, I believe so, too," replied Cousin Desjardins; "only we ought to use it; we ought to set up schools everywhere; the lowest Frenchman should be able to read and write our own language: and this is exactly what the lovers of good places don't wish for. If the people had been educated, we should have known what was going on upon the other side of the Rhine; we should have had national armies, able generals, a watchful commissariat, a sound organization, enlightened and conscientious deputies; we should have had all that we are now wanting; we should not have placed the power of making war or peace in the hands of an imbecile; we should not have stupidly attacked the Germans, and the Germans, seeing us ready to receive them, would have been careful not to attack us. All our defeats, all our divisions, our internal troubles, our revolutions, our battles and massacres in the streets; the transportations, the hatred between classes — all this comes of ignorance; and this abominable ignorance is the doing of the selfish statesmen who have governed us for seventy years. Good sense, justice, and patriotism would lead them to inform the people; they preferred an alliance with the Jesuits to degrade the people; can any treason be worse?"

George, who had long entertained the same view, had nothing to add, but he still argued that we might gain a victory, and that then we should be saved.

Cousin Desjardins shook his head, saying: "Our forces are of too inferior a quality; Gambetta will never have time to organize them; and if the traitors thought that he would, they would deliver up Metz at once, in order that the second German army, Prince Frederick Charles', might

reach the Loire in time to prevent our army from raising the siege of Paris: for then, I think, the country might be saved. But this will not come to pass. When I saw generals coming out of Metz to go and consult the Empress in England, I knew that our cause was lost. And then the forces of King William are immense. Those 300,000 Russians who, as the papers tell us, are ready to march upon Constantinople, are only waiting the nod of the King of Prussia to start by the railways, and come to overwhelm us, if the Germans don't think themselves numerous enough to vanquish us with 1,200,000 men. The decisive opinion of Europe is that there shall be no republic in France — no, not at any price; for, if the republic was established here, every monarchy would be shaken; the nations would all follow our example, and there would be an end of war; we should have a European confederation; kings, emperors, princes, courtiers, and professional soldiers might all be bowed off the stage. Only commerce, industry, science and arts would be thought of; to be anything, a man would have to know something. The talent of drawing up men in line to be mown down by cannon and mitrailleuses, would be relegated to the rear ranks; and a hundred years hence, men would hardly believe that such things have ever been: it would be too stupid."

Desjardins then told us how, in 1830, travelling about Solingen to buy dye-stuffs, he had noticed that the Prussians thought of nothing but war. From that very time, they exhausted themselves to keep on foot, and ready to march, an army of 400,000 disciplined men. Since then, after their fusion with the forces of North Germany, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden, the total would amount to more than a million of men, without reckoning the landsturm: composed, it is true, of men in years, but who have all served, and can handle a rifle, load a gun, and ride well.

"Here, then, is what Monsieur Bonaparte has brought upon our shoulders without necessity," said he; "and it is against such a power that Gambetta is undertaking to organize in haste the youth that are left, and of whom the greater part have never served. I confess my hopes are small. God grant that I may be mistaken; but I fear that Alsace and Lorraine are for the time engulfed in Germany. The war will continue for a time; treachery will go on working; and, finally, after all our sufferings, messieurs the sometime ministers and councillors-general, the former préfets

and sous-préfets, the old functionaries of every grade, in a word, all the egotists, will be on the look-out, and will say: "Let us make an arrangement with Bismarck. Let us make peace at the expense of Alsace and Lorraine; and let us name a king who shall find us first-rate places: France will still be rich enough to find us salaries and pensions."

Thus spoke Cousin Desjardins; and George, growing more and more angry, striking the table with his fist, said, "What I cannot understand is that the English desert us, and that they should allow the Prussians to extend their territory as they like."

"Ah," said Desjardins, smiling, "the English are not what they once were. They have become too rich; they cling to their comforts. Their great statesmen are no longer Pitts and Chathams, who looked to the future greatness of their nation, and took measures to secure it: provided only that business prospers from day to day, future generations and the greatness of Britain give them no concern."

"Just so," said George. "If you had sailed, as I have done, in the North Sea and the Baltic, if you had seen what an enormous maritime power North Germany may possibly become in a few years, with her hundred and sixty leagues of sea-coast, her harbours of Dantzig, Stettin, Hamburg, and Bremen, whither the finest rivers bring all the best products of Central Europe, all kinds of raw material, not only from Germany and Poland, but also from Russia; if you had seen that population of sailors, of traders, which increases daily, you would be unable to understand the indifference of the English. Have they lost the use of their eyes? Has the love of Protestantism and comfort deprived them of all discernment? I cannot tell; but they must see that if King William and Bismarck want Alsace and Lorraine, it is not exactly for the love of us Alsacians and Lorrainers, but to hold the course of the Rhine from its source in the German cantons of Switzerland down to its outfall at Rotterdam; and that in holding this great river they will control all the commerce of our industrial provinces and be able to feed the Dutch colonies with their produce, which will make them the first maritime power on the Continent; and that, to carry out their purpose without being molested, — whilst the Russians are attacking Constantinople, they will install themselves quietly in the Dutch ports, as they did in the case of Hanover, and will offer us Belgium, and perhaps even something more! All this is evident."

"No doubt, cousin," said Desjardins. "I also believe that every fault brings its own punishment: the English will suffer for their faults, as we are doing for ours; and the Germans, after having terrified the world with their ambition, will one day be made to rue their cruelty, their hypocrisy, and their robberies. God is just! But in the meantime, until that day shall arrive, we are confiscated, and all our observations are useless."

And so the conversation went on: I cannot remember it entirely, but I have given you the substance of it.

XI.

We remained with Cousin Desjardins all that day. Cousin Lise had our shirts washed, our clothes cleaned, and our shoes dried before the fire, after having first filled them with hot embers; and the next day we took our leave of these excellent people, thanking them from the bottom of our hearts.

We were very impatient to see our native place again, of which we had had no news for a month; and especially our poor wives, who must have supposed us lost.

The weather was damp; there were forebodings of a hard winter.

At Dieuze the rumour reached us that Bazaine had just surrendered Metz, with all his army, his flags, his guns, rifles, stores and wounded, unconditionally!

The Prussian officers were drinking champagne at the inn where we halted. They were laughing! George was pale; I felt an oppression on my heart.

Some people who were there, carriers, German Jews, who followed their armies with carts, to load them with the clocks, the pots and pans, the linen, the furniture, and everything which the officers and soldiers sold them after having pillaged them in our houses, — told us how horses were given away round Metz for nothing; that Arab horses were sold for a hundred sous, but that nobody would have them, horses' provender selling at an exorbitant price; that these poor beasts were eating one another — they devoured each other's hair to the quick, and even gnawed the bark off trees to which they were tied; that our captive soldiers dropped down with hunger in the ditches by the roadside, and then the Prussians abused them for drunkards. We heard, also, that the inhabitants of Metz, on hearing the terms of capitulation, had meant to rise and put Bazaine to death, but that all through the siege three mitrailleuses had been placed in front of

his head-quarters, and that he had escaped the day before this shameful capitulation was to take place.

All this appeared to us almost impossible. Metz surrender unconditionally! Metz, the strongest town in France, defended by an army of a hundred thousand well-seasoned troops: the last army left to us after Sedan!

But it was true, nevertheless!

And in spite of all that can be said of the ignorance and the folly of the chiefs, to account for this terrible disaster, I cannot but believe that our *honest man* gave his orders to the very last; that Bazaine obeyed, and that they did everything together. Besides, Bazaine went to join him immediately at Wilhelmshöhe, where the cuisine was so excellent; there they rested after their toils, until the opportunity should return of recommencing a campaign after the fashion of the 2nd of December, in which men were entrapped by night in their beds, while they were relying upon the *honest man's* oath; or in the style of the Mexican war, where he ran away, deserting the men he had sworn to defend! In this sort of campaign, and if the people continue to have confidence in such men, as many assert will happen, they may begin again some fine morning, and once more get hold of the keys of the treasury; they will once more distribute crosses and salaries and pensions to their friends and acquaintances; and in a few years Bismarck will discover that the Germans possess claims upon Champagne and Burgundy.

Well, everything is possible; we have seen such strange things these last twenty years.

At Fénétrange, through which we passed about two o'clock, nothing was known.

At six in the evening we arrived upon the plateau of Metting, near the farm called Donat, and saw in the dim distance, two leagues from us, Phalsbourg, without its ramparts, and its demi-lunes; its church and its streets in ashes! The Germans were hidden by the undulations of the surrounding country, their cannons were on the hill-sides, and sentinels were posted behind the quarries.

There was deep silence; not a shot was heard: it was the blockade! Famine was doing quietly what the bombardment had been unable to effect.

Then, with heads bowed down, we passed through the little wood on our left, full of dead leaves, and we saw our little village of Rothalp, three hundred paces behind the orchards and the fields; it looked dead

too; ruin had passed over it — the requisitions had utterly exhausted it; winter, with its snow and ice, was waiting at every door.

The mill was working; which astonished me.

George and I, without speaking, clasped each other's hands; then he strode towards his house, and I passed rapidly to mine, with a full heart.

Prussian soldiers were unloading a wagon-load of corn under my shed; fear laid hold of me, and I thought, "Have the wretches driven away my wife and daughter?"

Happily Catherine appeared at the door directly; she had seen me coming, and extended her arms, crying, "Is it you, Christian? Oh! what we have suffered!"

She hung upon my neck, crying and sobbing. Then came Grédel; we all clung together, crying like children.

The Prussians, ten paces off, stared at us. A few neighbours were crying, "Here is the old mayor come back again!"

At last we entered our little room. I sat facing the bed, gazing at the old bed-curtains, the branch of box-tree at the end of the alcove, the old walls, the old beams across the ceiling, the little window-panes, and my good wife and my wayward daughter, whom I love. Everything seemed to me so nice. I said to myself, "We are not all dead yet. Ah! if now I could but see Jacob, I should be quite happy."

My wife, with her face buried in her apron between her knees, never ceased sobbing, and Grédel, standing in the middle of the room, was looking upon us. At last she asked me: "And the horses, and the carts, where are they?"

"Down there, somewhere near Montmédy."

"And Cousin George?"

"He is with Marie Anne. We have had to abandon everything — we escaped together — we were so wretched! The Germans would have let us die with hunger."

"What! have they ill-used you, father?"

"Yes, they have beaten me."

"Beaten you?"

"Yes, they tore my beard — they struck me in the face."

Grédel, hearing this, went almost beside herself; she threw a window open, and shaking her fist at the Germans outside, she screamed to them, "Ah, you brigands! You have beaten my father — the best of men!"

Then she burst into tears, and came up

to kiss me, saying, "They shall be paid off for all that!" I felt moved.

My wife, having become calmer, began to tell me all they had suffered: their grief at receiving no news of us since the third day after the passage of the pedlar; then the appointment of Placiard in my place, and the load of requisitions he had laid upon us, saying that I was a Jacobin.

He associated with none but Germans now; he received them in his house, shook hands with them, invited them to dinner, and spoke nothing but Prussian German. He was now just as good a servant of King William as he had been of the Empire. Instead of writing letters to Paris to get stamp-offices and tobacco-excise-offices, he now wrote to Bismarck-Bohlen, and already the good man had received large promises of advancement for his sons and sons-in-law. He himself was to be made superintendent of something or other, at a good salary.

I listened without surprise; I was sure of this beforehand.

One thing gave me great pleasure, which was to see the mill-dam full of water; so the chest was still at the bottom. And Grédel having left the room to get supper, that was the first thing I asked Catherine.

She answered that nothing had been disturbed; that the water had never sunk an inch. Then I felt easy in my mind, and thanked God for having saved us from utter ruin.

The Germans had been making their own bread for the last fortnight; they used to come and grind at my mill without paying a liard. How to get through our troubles seemed impossible to find out. There was nothing left to eat. Happily the landwehr had quickly become used to our white bread, and, to get it, they willingly gave up a portion of their enormous rations of meat. They would also exchange fat sheep for chickens and geese, being tired of always eating joints of mutton, and Catherine had driven many a good bargain with them. We had, indeed, one cow left in the Krapienfelds, but we had to carry her fodder every day among these rocks, to milk her and come back laden.

Grédel, ever bolder and bolder, went herself. She kept a hatchet under her arm, and she told me smiling that one of those drunken Germans having insulted her, and threatened to follow her into the wood, she had felled him with one blow of her hatchet, and rolled his body into the stream.

Nothing frightened her; the landwehr who lodged with us — big, bearded men — dreaded her like fire; she ordered them about as if they were her servants: "Do this! do that! Grease me those shoes, but don't eat the grease, like your fellows at Metting; if you do, it will be worse for you! Go fetch water! You shan't go into the store-room straight out of the stable; your smell is already bad enough without horse-dung! You are every one of you as dirty as beggars, and yet there is no want of water: go and wash at the pump."

And they obediently went.

She had forbidden them to go upstairs, telling them: "I live up there! that's my room. The first man who dares put his foot there, I will split his head open with my hatchet."

And not a man dared disobey.

Those people, from the time they had set over us their governor Bismarck-Bohlen, had no doubt received orders to be careful with us, and to treat us kindly, to promise us indemnities. Captain Floegel went on drinking from morning till night, from night till morning; but instead of calling us rascals, wretches! he called us "his good Germans, his dear Alsatian and Lorraine brothers," promising us all the prosperity in the world as soon as we should have the happiness of living under the old laws of Fatherland.

They were already talking of dismissing all French schoolmasters, and then we began to see the abominable carelessness of our government in the matter of public education. Half of our unhappy peasants did not know a word of French: for two hundred years they had been left grovelling in ignorance!

Now the Germans have laid hands upon them, and are telling them that the French are enemies of their race; that they have kept them in bondage to get all they could out of them, to live at their cost, and to use their bodies for their own protection in time of danger. Who can say it is not so? Are not all appearances against us? And if the Germans bestow on the peasants the education which all our governments have denied them, will not these people have reason to attach themselves to their new country?

The Germans having altered their bearing towards us and seeking to win us over, lodged in our houses. They were the landwehr, who thought only of their wives and children, wishing for the end of the war and much fearing the appearance of the *frances-tireurs*.

The arrival of Garibaldi in the Vosges with his two sons was announced and often George, pointing from his door at the summit of the Donon and the Schneeberg, already white with snow, would say: "There is fighting going on down there! Ah, Christian, if we were young again, what a fine blow we might deliver in our mountain passes!"

Our greatest sorrow was to know that famine was prevailing in the town, as well as small-pox. More than three hundred sick, out of fifteen hundred inhabitants, were filling the College, where the hospital had been established. There was no salt, no tobacco, no meat. The flags of truce which were continually coming and going on the road to Lutzelbourg, reported that the place could not hold out any longer.

There had been a talk of bringing heavy guns from Strasbourg and from Metz, after the surrender of these two places; but I remember that the *Hauptmann* who was lodging with the curé, M. Daniel, declared that it was not worth while; that a fresh bombardment would cost his majesty King William at least three millions; and that the best way was to let these people die their noble death quietly, like a lamp going out for want of oil. With these words the *Hauptmann* put on airs of humanity, continually repeating that we ought to save human life and economise ammunition.

And what had become of Jacob in the midst of this misery? And Jean Baptiste Werner? I am obliged to mention him too, for God knows what madness was possessing Grédel at the thought that he might be suffering hunger: she was no longer human; she was a mad creature without control over herself, and she often made me wonder at the patient meekness of the landwehr. When one or another wanted to ask her for anything, she would show them the door, crying: "Go out; this is not your place!"

She even openly wished them all to be massacred; and then she would say to them, in mockery: "Go then! attack the town! . . . go and storm the place! . . . You don't dare! . . . You are afraid for your skin! You had rather starve people, bombard women and children, burn the houses of poor creatures, hiding yourselves behind your heaps of clay! You must be cowards to set to work that way. If ours were out, and you were in, they would have been a dozen times upon the walls; but you are afraid of getting your ribs stove in! You are prudent men!"

And they, seated at our door, with their heads hanging down, spoke not a word, but went on smoking, as if they did not hear.

Yet one day these peaceable men showed a considerable amount of indignation, not against Grédel or us, but against their own generals.

It was some time after the capture of Metz. The cold weather had set in. Our landwehr returning from mounting guard were squeezed around the stove, and outside lay the first fall of snow. And as they were sitting thus, thinking of nothing but eating and drinking, the bugle blew outside a long blast and a loud one, the echoes of which died far away in the distant mountains.

An order had arrived to buckle on their knapsacks, shoulder their rifles, and march for Orleans at once.

You should have seen the long dismal faces of these fellows. You should have heard them protesting that they were landwehr, and could not be made to leave German provinces. I believe that if there had been at that moment a sortie of fifty men from Phalsbourg, they would have given themselves up prisoners, every one, to remain where they were.

But Captain Floegel, with his red nose and his harsh voice had come to give the word of command, "Fall in!"

They had to obey. So there they stood in line before our mill, three or four hundred of them, and were then obliged to march off up the hill to Mittelbronn, whilst the villagers, from their windows, were crying, "A good riddance!"

It was supposed, too, that the blockade of Phalsbourg would be raised, and everybody was preparing baskets, bags, and all things needful to carry victuals to our poor lads. Grédel, who was most unceremonious, had her own private basket to carry. It was quite a grand removal.

But where did this order to march come from? What was the meaning of it all?

I was standing at our door, meditating upon this, when cousin Marie Anne came up, whispering to me, "We have won a great battle: all the men at Metz are running to the Loire."

"How do you know that cousin?"

"From an Englishman who came to our house last night."

"And where has this battle taken place?"

"Wait a moment," said she. "At Coulmiers, near Orleans. The Germans

are in full retreat; their officers are taking refuge in the mayoralty office with their men, to escape being slaughtered."

I asked no more questions, and I ran to Cousin George's, very curious to see this Englishman and to hear what he might have to tell us.

As I went in, my cousin was seated at table with this foreigner. They had just breakfasted, and they seemed very jolly together. Marie Anne followed me.

"Here is my cousin, the former mayor of this village," said George, seeing me open the door.

Immediately the Englishman turned round. He was a young man of about five and thirty, tall and thin, with a hooked nose, hazel eyes full of animation, clean shaved, and buttoned up close in a long grey surtout.

"Ah, very good!" said he, speaking a little nasally, and with his teeth close, as is the habit of his countrymen. "Monsieur was mayor?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you refused to post the proclamations of the Governor, Bismark-Bohlen?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good—very good."

I sat down, and, without any preamble, this Englishman ran on with eight or ten questions: upon the requisitions, the pillaging, the number of carriages and horses carried away into the interior; how many had come back since the invasion; how many were still left in France; what we thought of the Germans; if there was any chance of our agreeing together; had we rather remain French, or become neutral, like the Swiss?

He had all these questions in his head, and I went on answering, without reflecting that it was a very strange thing to interrogate people in this way.

George was laughing, and when it was over, he said, "Now, my lord, now you may go on with your article."

The Englishman smiled, and said, "Yes, that will do! I believe you have spoken the truth."

We drank a glass of wine together, which George had found somewhere.

"This is good wine," said the Englishman. "So the Prussians have not taken everything?"

"No, they have not discovered everything; we have a few good hiding-places yet."

"Ah! exactly so—yes—I understand."

George wanted to question him too, but the Englishman did not answer as fast as

we; he thought well over his answers, before he would say yes or no!

It was not from him that Cousin George had learnt the latest intelligence; it was from a heap of newspapers which the Englishman had left upon the table the night before as he went to bed—English and Belgian newspapers—which George had read hastily up to midnight; for he had learnt English in his travels, which our friend was not aware of.

Besides the battle of Coulmiers, he had learnt many other things; the organization of an army in the North under General Bourbaki; the march of the Germans upon Dijon; the insurrection at Marseilles; the noble declaration of Gambetta against those who were accusing him of throwing the blame of our disasters upon the army, and not upon its chiefs; and especially the declaration of Prince Gortschakoff "that the Emperor of Russia refused to be bound any longer by the treaty which was to restrain him from keeping in the Black Sea more than a certain number of large ships of war."

The Englishman had marked red crosses down this article; and George told me by-and-by that these red crosses meant something very serious.

The Englishman had a very fine horse in the stable, we went out together to see it; it was a tall chestnut, able no doubt to run like a deer.

If I tell you these particulars, it is because we have since seen many more English people, both men and women, all very inquisitive, and who put questions to us, just like this one; whether to write articles, or for their own information, I know not.

George assured me that the article writers spared no expense to earn their pay honourably; that they went great distances—hundreds of leagues—going to the fountain head; that they would have considered themselves guilty of robbing their fellow-countrymen, if they invented anything: which, besides, would very soon be discovered, and would deprive them of all credit in England.

I believe it; and I only wish news-hunters of equal integrity for our country. Instead of having newspapers full of long arguments, which float before you like clouds, and out of which no one can extract the least profit, we should get positive facts that would help us to clear up our ideas: of which we are in great need.

So we thought we were rid of our landwehr; when presently they returned, hav-

ing received counter orders : which seemed to us a very bad sign.

George, who had just accompanied his Englishman back to Sarrebourg, came into our house and sat by the stove, deep in thought. He had never seemed to me so sad ; when I asked him if he had received any bad news, he answered : " No, I have heard nothing new ; but what has happened shows plainly that the German army of Metz has arrived in time to prevent our troops from raising the blockade of Paris after the victory of Coulmiers."

And all at once his anger broke out against the Dumouriez and the Pichegrus, men without genius, who were selling their country to serve a false dynasty.

" A week or a fortnight more, and we should have been saved."

He smote the table with his fist and seemed ready to cry. All at once he went out, unable to contain himself any longer, and we saw him in the moonlight cross the meadow behind and disappear into his house.

It was the middle of November ; the frost grew more intense and hardened the ground everywhere ; every morning the trees were covered with hoar-frost.

We were now compelled to do forced labour, not only to supply wood, but also to go and cleave it for the landwehr. I paid father Offran, who supplied my place ; it was an additional expense, and the day of ruin, utter ruin, was drawing close.

Of course the landwehr, offended at having been hissed all through the village, had lost all consideration for us, and but for stringent orders, they would have wrung our necks on the spot : every time they were able to tell us a piece of bad news, they would come up laughing, dropping the butt-ends of their rifles on the stone floor, and crying : " Well now, here's another crash ! There goes another stampede of Frenchmen ! Orleans evacuated ! Champigny to be abandoned ! Capital ! all goes on right ! Now then you people, is that soup ready ? Hurry ! good news like these give one a good appetite !"

" Try to hold your tongues, if you can, pack of beggars," cried Grédel ; " we don't believe your lies."

Then they grinned again and said : " There is no need you should believe us, if only you get put into our basket ; when you are there you will believe ! Then look out ! If you stir a finger we'll nail you to the wall like mangy cats. Aha ! did you laugh and hiss when you saw us going ? but there are more yet to come,

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You will regret us, Mademoiselle Grédel ; you will regret us some day : you will cry, ' If we had but our good landwehr again ! ' but it will be too late."

What surprises me is that Grédel never seems to have thought of poisoning them ; luckily it was not the time of the year for the red toadstools : besides, we were obliged to boil our soup in the same kettle ; or these wary people would have had their suspicions, and obliged us to taste their meat, as they did at the Quatre Vents, the Baraques du Bois de Chênes, and in several other places.

They then drew their lines closer and closer round the place : upon all the roads which led to the advanced posts they placed guns and watched by them day and night ; they regulated their range and line of fire by day with pickets and with grooves cut in the ground, to enable them to change its direction and sweep the roads and paths, even in the dark nights, in case of an attack.

The snow was then falling in great flakes ; all the country was covered with snow, and often at midnight or at one or two in the morning, the musketry opened, and they cried in the street : " A sortie ! a sortie !"

And all the villagers, who still kept their cattle at home by order of the new mayor Placiard, were compelled to drive them to a distance, into the fields, to prevent the French, if they reached us, from finding anything in the stables.

Ah ! that abominable, good-for-nothing scoundrel Placiard, that famous pillar of the empire, what abominations he has perpetrated, what toils has he undergone to merit the esteem of the Prussians !

Does it not seem sad that such thieves should sometimes quietly terminate their existence in a good bed ?

From Temple Bar.

MODERN MANNERS.

THE difficulty of defining a gentleman has long been keenly felt and never been wholly overcome ; but if we search deeply into the causes which have created the perplexity we shall find that they spring mainly from the repugnance experienced by most people to acknowledge that there may be, not only a distinction, but a positive antagonism, between good manners and good morals. Yet every attempt to make external deportment dependent upon

interior virtue has ended in failure; and every impartial person will admit that a monstrous villain may be a man of consummate address, whilst a paragon and pattern of goodness may possibly offend even ordinarily sensitive eyes and ears by awkward actions and untimely observations. This is to put the case extremely; but it is equally true that average instances of imperfection in outward behaviour and fundamental conduct establish the same conclusion. Is it invariably the most agreeable person that we most respect? And are we forever seeking the society of individuals for whom we are always ready to profess sincere reverence? It will be admitted by all Englishmen that the highest of all virtues is truthfulness, taking the word in its most comprehensive signification. For see what truthfulness implies! It implies sincerity, simplicity, courage, absence of self-interest, and a belief in the possession by others of the same lofty qualities. Yet is it possible to be always and uncompromisingly truthful, and yet to be a "perfect gentleman"? We do not speak of gratuitous plain-speaking, which a spirit of truthfulness never exacts; but there are a thousand occasions when regard for the feelings and conveniences of others compel a man who otherwise loves to speak the truth, more or less to deviate from it. No doubt these deviations, so harmless in themselves, are completely condoned by the charity of the motive and the excellence of the result; but they are deviations from the truth none the less. Hence we may observe without surprise, that the most truth-telling nations are the least polite, and the least truth-telling nations the most pleasing in their manners. We have only to compare Englishmen with Irishmen or Frenchmen, Germans with Italians, and the European with the Asiatic, to be convinced of the accuracy of the dictum, laid down by way of generalization. It is often observed that the French people are rapidly ceasing to deserve the character they have long arrogated to themselves of being the most polite people in the world; but those who make the observation are acquainted only with Paris and a few other large towns, in which democracy is the watchword and mentor of the majority. When a Parisian shopman, waiter, or cabman is rude, it is because he does not wish to lose the opportunity of conveying to you the fact that he is just as good as you are, and that you and he are and must remain on terms of perfect equality. But the "just as good

as you" doctrine, when carried into practice in this conscious direct way, must necessarily be the death of all good manners. It induces men to arrogate what they ought to be content to receive, and to refuse what they would be wise to give. It is to overlook the obvious truth, that if two people treat each other with reciprocal deference their equality will be established in the same way that occurs when a couple of rival political candidates vote each for his opponent. On the "just as good as you" principle the weaker is sure to go to the wall, and the contention which underlies all intercourse based upon such a system can be ended only by one of the rivals succeeding in being more rude or more arrogant than the other. This incidentally, though by no means irrelevantly. But we see here, as in prior instances, that it is the wish to be frank and truthful that spoils the French democrat's manners. Every traveller in Oriental countries has come away impressed with the superiority of Asiatic politeness, but at the same time insists with equal zeal on Asiatic duplicity. Amongst Europeans, diplomatists are generally supposed to have and to require the finest manners. It is scarcely necessary to point out what it is that renders these fine manners indispensable. When we say that a person would never do for a court, we again imply that his candour would shock its well-bred atmosphere of dissimulation.

It does not at all follow from the above unavoidable concessions that the greatest liar will be the most polished gentleman, or indeed that disingenuousness of any serious kind is required in a gentleman at all. But it rids us of the supposition that perfect virtue and perfect manners are strictly convertible terms, and forces us to look elsewhere than in morality—at least as that word is generally understood—for the secret and soul of gentlemanliness. We believe they are to be found in what may be called the half-way house between a systematic frankness and bluntness of speech, and conscious insincerity. Nothing can be more opposed to our idea of active truthfulness than reticence or reserve; yet no discriminating person would confound them with real disingenuousness. Now, from what do reticence in speech and reserve in manner spring, so long indeed as they are not carried to an extreme and do not raise the notion of shyness or excessive caution? We think the answer that ascribes them to self-respect united with a respect for others will commend itself to most people.

Respect for one's self which is not complemented by reverence for one's neighbours, will more generally be known by another name, and be justly stigmatized by the opprobrious epithet of pride; whilst respect for others which does not commence at home is sure to be attributed to an inherent spirit or an acquired habit of servility. But regard that looks both ways, that is careful not to offend, and does anything but invite offence, will be misconstrued only by those who are not initiated into its invaluable properties as the guide and guardian of social intercourse.

It will be evident that nothing is so incompatible with the good manners which, as we now see, mainly depend on a certain fine reserve and a certain judicious and instinctive reticence, whilst these again spring from reciprocal respect and consideration, than what is colloquially known as familiarity. It is in this sense that we are to read the wise old maxim, that familiarity breeds contempt. Many, alas! have construed it in a more literal sense, and this adherence to the letter has chilled and killed various promising friendships. Ours would be a world not worth living in if it were once established beyond contradiction that the more intimate we become with each other the less likely to endure will be our esteem and affection. Closeness of intercourse and thorough knowledge constitute the only true basis of perfect love and regard. But perfect love and regard are never familiar, in the sense in which the cited saw warns all of us against being. To permit one's self to be thus familiar is to permit one's self to take liberties, and to take them is to provoke them. Every man who respects himself strongly objects to be the object of them, and he would therefore never dream of subjecting to them any one he revered or was attached to.

Slowly, but we trust surely, we have thus arrived at the heart of our subject, which is, Modern Manners. We are not much afraid of contradiction when we say that modern manners unfortunately are not good; and we expect to have the whole world on our side when we add that they are nearly always excessively, and in many instances intolerably, familiar. We heard it remarked only the other day that there are but few gentlemen in England and none out of it. The observation is too epigrammatical to be quite accurate, but it contains an element of truth. We are dealing only with English modern manners, and shall therefore be spared any in-

vidious comparison with the manners of other countries, save in so far as they may incidentally illustrate our meaning; but we fear that it is no exaggeration to say that fine manners exist among us almost exclusively as a tradition. A few old people linger here and there to deepen the contrast between what was once an acknowledged standard of deportment and the various self-constituted types of free-and-easy behaviour which represent the younger ideas of social address. But these octogenarians are, in their quiet way, the most severe critics of habits utterly alien to their prior experience, and do but confirm the estimate we have formed. It is in a thousand ways that this hideous familiarity, this want of reserve, of self-respect, and of respect for others, is manifested; but never is it more noticeable than in conversation. Listening has long been pronounced, in modern phraseology, a bore; and one of the most striking features of modern politeness is a readiness to know all you are going to say before you have said it. One is constantly prohibited, in practice, from finishing one's sentences. They are finished by proxy, or suppressed in order to give way to a premature rejoinder. Another respectable element of conversation is now regarded as "a bore;" and that is, seriousness. The only persons who are considered as duly qualified to converse are the persons who can be unflaggingly jocose; witty we do not say, for wit presupposes gravity and reflection, whilst any fool can be funny. Funny fools are at present much in request, and their particular vocation absolves them from all obligation to be either reticent or respectful. They may say anything provided it raises a laugh, and take any name in vain so only it conduce to our merriment. Every man of spirit now aspires to be a chartered libertine in the matter of speech; and the unhappy individuals whose tongues are restrained by old-fashioned prejudices are driven into a cold and silent corner, whence they contemplate the lively sallies of unchastened humour with an amazement not always unembittered by chagrin. In the very highest society these phenomena may be witnessed; indeed they obtrude themselves upon our notice. Nor, even in the matter of dress, in which men of fashion are supposed to be so particular, are signs wanting that here too the familiar non-respectful spirit is gaining an entrance. In London, where carelessness in such a matter is practically impossible, and where indeed there is no temptation to it, inasmuch as a man must be prepared,

morning, noon, and night, for the presence of strangers by whom he would on no account be caught off his guard, no complaint can be urged. But truly good manners, like charity, begin at home; and politeness will not forget its duties even in the country, and when a mother, sister, or aunt is the only judge. Yet we have heard the finest ladies complain that their sons, brothers, and nephews pronounce it to be "a bore" to don the dress which we have agreed to consider appropriate for dinner, when they are strictly in the bosom of their family and not in London; and we have ourselves been invited "not to bother," but to present ourselves in costume that prophesied an evening in the smoking or billiard room rather than in the drawing-room. By some people this will be regarded as a small matter, and especially by those among whom, as we can well understand, what is called evening dress is not habitually put on. When it is not expected, the omission of it can give no offence and presumes no familiarity. But when it has long been rigorously insisted on, to pretermitt the custom on certain exceptional occasions, because "it is a bore," is surely no unimportant sign of the times.

The influence of women upon manners has long been notorious; and painful as it may be, it is our duty to charge upon women a large portion of the responsibility for modern manners being what they are. It is they who not only tolerate, but encourage and abet, the laxity of which we have so much to complain. A hideous word, representing a hideous thing, has found its way into our language. Purists might well object when they heard of fast men; but criticism was stupefied when it was invited to contemplate fast women. A fast woman, to a person accustomed to hold by the niceties of language, sounds like a perverse paradox: is a contradiction in terms, *nigroque similima cygno*. Many impossibilities, however, have become glaring facts in these wonderful days; and we do possess, there can be no doubt of it, both black swans and fast women. Whether snow will, by the law of progress, soon be black too, we must wait and see. Meanwhile, a woman, and even a girl, who is not just a trifle fast is a poor creature; fit for a rural rectory, a Quaker hearth, to be a Dorothea Casaubon, if one likes, but utterly disqualified from passing the very portals of polite life. The very basis of fastness is to be familiar; and we must protest that were Polonius living now he would never dream of directing us to be "familiar, but by no means vulgar." Any

reserve of manner or any reticence of speech savours so insufferably of slowness, that to say everything and do just as you like are two golden rules. Distance no longer lends enchantment to a woman's view of man; the less deference or hesitation he displays in his manner, the more closely and the more rapidly he approaches her, the better chance has he of conciliating her favour. The surest path to her partiality is to treat her as a "good fellow"; and whilst — *credite posteri!* — she will not hesitate playfully to assure him that he is a "pig," and that somebody else is a "beast," the highest compliment he can pay her in return is to inform her that she is a "brick." It is our boast that we are no longer a pastoral people. Is it on that account that the Damon and Amaryllis of Mayfair exchange amenities in a language borrowed from the vocabulary of Arcadia? With such evidences of reciprocal respect, we cannot be surprised if, in speaking of their male acquaintances, young ladies no longer think it worth while to retain titles of courtesy, to be burdened with the prefix of Mr., but give the surname *tout bonnement*, and not unoften the Christian name, again abbreviated or travestied with all the felicitous familiarity of the play-ground. They themselves often delight in nicknames, for which a male acquaintance is usually sponsor. It would be unreasonable to expect under such circumstances that manner would be better than matter; and the women who permit themselves all these liberties of speech are not afraid of being overheard. A voice gentle and low is no longer deemed excellent. They have been converted by the legal maxim, *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*, and take care therefore to be, in their own sweet language, "well to the fore." None of their observations are thrown away, and they are more anxious to parade and proclaim their nonsense even than a person of judgment is to whisper his wit. They would stare a *roué* of the last century out of countenance, and if they do not understand *double entendres* that would do credit to Congreve, their simulation of intelligence does them gross injustice.

Now it is quite impossible that women should thus forget what is due to them, from themselves and from others, without the manners of the men who associate with them being mischievously affected. The society of women ought to be a school of manners for the other sex. Men come from school impudent, and from college awkward; it is in the drawing-room that

they should learn to be easy yet respectful. Shyness is painful; but to behold a person who is always "at home" is offensive and insufferable. When a gentleman addresses a barmaid he accommodates himself to her intelligence and tastes by a directness and familiarity that even then are not admirable, but may be pardoned. To judge by the way in which most men nowadays address many ladies, one would conclude that the counter was the school of true deportment. Ladies are addressed and looked at as though they were barmaids, and ladies do not resent it. It would be strange if men who show no deference to the other sex manifested any in dealing with their own. It would seem monstrous to treat a man and a brother with a consideration greater than is extended to his sister or his bride. Men advanced in life who refrain from this easy mode of address escape censure, for they are too old to be censured and their demeanour becomes them. But woe to the young man who acts as though he thought a fair young maiden is as holy as a shrine, or who appears before a comely matron with somewhat of the deferential diffidence that a well-bred junior counsel will display before a court of justice. He will be deemed a spiritless fellow, ludicrously sheepish, and, don't you know? not *quite* a gentleman.

It would perhaps be immaterial in a democratic age that what is still called aristocracy should be so indifferent about losing one of its most valuable and distinctive badges, if there were any hopeful signs that the levelling principles which are afloat will bring their own law of politeness with them. As we have already intimated however, the doctrine of equality, when actively employed as a creed, and the watchword of a social crusade, must be fatal to good manners. The very soul of politeness consists in giving everything and exacting nothing; though it will be obvious that the consequence of such a principle, when put in practice, is, that everybody gets as much as he deserves and most people much more. This is as it should be. The really distinguished, meritorious, and great, should receive from all a measure of deference commensurate with their merits; and the poorer creatures of life should be made comfortable in it and led to forget their inferiority by a share of consideration utterly out of proportion to their deserts. This, it will be seen, is the very opposite of "the weakest to the wall" result, which, we noted, necessarily ensues from the asser-

tion of the "just as good as you" doctrine. There is no merit in deferring to the exalted and the powerful; our refusal of deference would be of mighty little consequence. But there is something eminently pathetic in the extension of consideration to those by whom the withholding it would be keenly felt. It is not because women are superior to men—we do not mean to imply that they are inferior—that precedence is universally allowed to them, but because if it came to a rough vulgar scramble they would fare the worst. Therefore are they put in the front rank. Tenderness for children and for animals is based upon the same proper feeling, which is the sentiment of true politeness, and eternally opposed to the "just as good as you" dogma. Politeness knows nothing of better or worse; and the polite person never assigns inferiority to any one but himself. This has nothing to do with those conventional laws of precedence which are made for our convenience, and which no sane man regards as anything more than symbols.

But there are other active reasons for the inability we remark in democratic principles to further the cause of good manners, over and above the fatal assertion of personal equality. The democratic spirit, as we are now considering it—and we need scarcely tell our readers that we are not talking politics, but are occupied solely with the matter as an ethical and social one—is the most disingenuous of all forms of egotism. It does not mean what it professes. Far from really seeking to attain the social and individual equality of which it prates so fervently, it gives rise to endless ambitions, personal rivalries, and acute struggles. As far as the democratic spirit, socially considered, has manifested itself among Englishmen or Americans, it inculcates the habit of what is called "getting on" above every other virtue and obligation. Its ideal seems to be that life is a ladder, and that everybody should try to mount to the highest rung—we need scarcely add, by means which are certain to prevent everybody at least from attaining that lofty position. The operation, when successful, is attended with considerable contempt for those who do not attempt it, or attempting, fail. One of the immediate consequences of this soaring state is, that in those classes which are now so numerous, and who may be described as people whose material possessions are out of all proportion to their education, culture, or refinement, children have generally a profound contempt for

their parents and are not slow to exhibit it. Here, good manners are tarnished at their very source; and the reverence which young men and women should entertain for their father and mother, and which leads to reverence for all recognized, if but conventional, superiority, is exchanged for pity, sometimes tinged with shame. The parents have been highly successful, but still remain simple and unpretending folks, and very likely lack the acquirements or finish which would enable them to play a spirited part in society. This is highly distasteful to the younger generation, who, seeing themselves in possession of as good a roof, as good a cook, as good a stable, and as good a cellar, as the squire over the way or the Queen's Counsel round the corner, are impatient to cut as telling a figure as their neighbours. The inferiority in accomplishments, and probably in manners, of their parents is obvious, though perhaps to none so much as to their own children; and the latter appear to be of opinion that they can escape being deemed to share in the parental shortcomings only by showing how thoroughly they are aware and ashamed of them. The result is usually something very lamentable. The parents may possibly not be drawing-room ladies and gentlemen; but the sons, who fancy themselves to have walked out of the family, are downright cads, and the daughters are an affliction of the flesh to those who, seeing fine feathers, expect fine birds. There is no such offensive class of people as this. Modesty, naturalness, simplicity, were all or nearly all the sins of the generation to which success has come with such rapidity. Impudence, affectation, and vulgarity stamp the next one, whose members opine that they can become persons of fashion as expeditiously as their parents became persons of wealth. This is not always the case; and the fact that people have become rich suddenly—if honestly—is all in their favour, if the material transformation be accompanied by a transformation of mind and manner. Unfortunately, society is much too tolerant in this respect, and tolerant from the worst of motives. Nothing could be more meritorious in persons of refinement than to admit to their society persons who are wanting in refinement, in the hope that we might see the reverse of that which is said to take place when evil communications corrupt good manners. But it is matter of notoriety that a wish to partake of the vulgar advantages of this rapidly-got wealth is

the ruling and indeed the only reason why people who ought to be above such sordid motives admit to their houses men and women who are little better than well-dressed bores. It is not to be supposed that the individuals thus made free of the best society attribute their admission exclusively to their money. People rarely fail to find more flattering explanations of their own successes. The line where the influence of wealth ends and of personal merit begins must necessarily be vague; and it is not wonderful if people who are very wealthy, and not otherwise meritorious at all, reverse the ratio of those elements which constitute their visible influence. People so warmly welcomed by an old and would-be aristocratic society may be forgiven if they conclude that they are amply qualified to move in it, and have nothing to learn from its breeding, bearing, language, or reticence. Folks affecting to be studiously fastidious, begin by eating their suppers and end by adopting their manners. Thus the proper rôles are precisely reversed; and the vulgarian, whom it would have been a kindness and a charitable action to teach, silently becomes a pedagogue and a pattern. He is familiar because he knows no better; and people who once knew better, end in adopting something of the deportment they at first intended, from interested motives, only to tolerate. Man is such a monkey that it is impossible for him to consort often and long with persons of inferior manners without his own manners, if originally good, becoming deteriorated. It is possible that the person who inspires him in the matter he slightly improves. But a slight improvement in so delicate a thing as good manners is not of much consequence; whilst a slight deterioration is disastrous.

At the same time all public discussion and criticism conspire towards the same end. Want of reverence, want of consideration, which, we have seen, is the cause of the sad falling-off in our manners, is not a little promoted by that in many respects useful and certainly necessary institution, the Press. To be a public man is to be pelted; and even to be a private one is not always to escape the mud that is perpetually flying about. Nothing is sacred. Ridicule is the weapon ready to every one's hand, and you are much more likely to hit somebody if you aim at the biggest people you see. There is a weekly journal which has for the last fifteen years maintained notoriety and profit by the systematic depreciation of everybody and everything

that have won the respect of any portion of the community. To lead us to despise men in public life and to despise women in private life has been the main object of its energy. Such a task demands no great ability, though no doubt it requires a certain fertility in thinking evil. But the chief requisite for this sort of thing is, to be wholly free from the sense or obligation of good manners, to think truth a poor thing compared with a good or even with a bad joke, and to esteem no person's character, no matter how exalted he be, of any consequence, if, by depreciating or ridiculing it, the public can be amused.

If then good manners are not to die out amongst us, reverence must be restored. The old must be honoured, the weak must be considered, the illustrious must be deferred to, and, most of all, women must be respected. Women have the matter in their own hands. They can compel men to be well-mannered; and men who know how to behave with politeness to women will end by behaving with politeness towards each other. *Hauteur* always implies want of consideration for others, and is therefore no part of politeness, save when indeed an impertinence has to be quietly but effectively resented. If we were asked to name the word which embodies female politeness we should name "graciousness." Women should be gracious; graciousness is their happy medium between coldness and familiarity; as self-respect is that of men between arrogance and downright rudeness. Probably, there can be no true politeness where there is no humility, either real or well-assumed. In a self-making age we cannot be surprised at meeting with so much self-assertion and so much aggressiveness. We can but wait for the time when the process will be complete, and the individual will be well-bred enough once more to recognize his own insignificance.

From The Spectator.

THE CHRISTIAN AND PAGAN ETHICS.

THE accomplished editor of Dr. Duncan's "Colloquia Peripatetica" (the Rev. William Knight), has recently preached before the University of Glasgow a thoughtful and profound sermon on the essential features of the Christian Ethics, of which our only complaint is that he hardly deals at all with the common modern charge against the Christian Ethics, that Christianity neglects the characteristic virtues

founded on what may be called the inner and also the more inward of the outer, folds of self-respect,—honourable pride, manliness, courage and constancy in resisting oppression, public spirit, patriotism national self-devotion;—that, in short, its source in the sublime principle of the love of God has necessarily tended to dissolve away the tenacity of those valuable qualities which take their rise in the limitation of local spheres and the appropriate subdivision of social and political responsibilities. It is often said of Christianity,—and Mr. Knight in the opening passages of his sermon seems to admit the truth, if not of this, of some such criticism,—that it quite ignores the pagan virtue of readiness to resist oppression, and, if necessary, to punish tyranny; that its conception of perfection involves a self-abnegation so high that it leaves no room for self-esteem, nor for any chivalry or gallantry on behalf of individuals or collective bodies of men such as municipalities or States, short of that which is implied in promoting directly the spiritual welfare of our fellow-men. Christianity, it is said, makes bad citizens, partly because it is too cosmopolitan, partly because it is too contemptuous of worldly advantages. It will not realize sufficiently the prior claims on men of their own neighbourhood, county, or country over other neighbourhoods, counties, or countries; further, it will not attach half value enough to privileges whose sole object is to make men more comfortable and happy, and which do not pretend to go beyond into the sphere of spiritual purification. The principle of unresisting self-denial, "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain," and "If any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also," is subversive of all political order and moral self-assertion. You cannot found even a municipality without being prepared to stand on your rights; you cannot make a nation great, and nourish that enthusiasm of freedom and patriotic pride without which the laws and literatures and societies of the world would be all monotonous and insipid, without justifying a certain glow of resentment at any claim of disorderly ambition, and a disposition to sacrifice even life, not so much for the good of those who most need the sacrifice as for the triumph of those to whom you are more closely related and the defeat of those comparatively alien to your interests and heart. Christianity, by the very splendour of its conception of a spiritual tie by which all men are bound together, tended

towards the obliteration of those smaller links and distinctions which are of the very essence of local progress and secular civilization, and even casts a certain stigma of selfishness on emotions and tendencies without the careful fostering of which history would have been more barren of interest than an Ecclesiastical record or the chronicle of a Mission.

Nobody can deny that there is truth in this charge against Christianity, — truth of precisely an analogous kind to that which there is in saying that literary and intellectual culture relaxes the stringency of men's dogmatic faiths by enabling them to see and enter into the case of their opponents. It is matter of course that a spiritual faith which ascends to the Divine Creator of all things as the spring of every virtue should soften the excessive cogency of those claims which are urged upon us by the inner circles of humanity, at the expense of the outer world beyond them. No morality can impress a new sphere of duty upon us without a temporary and relative depreciation of those spheres of duty with which it comes immediately into competition. When our Lord dwelt on the fact that the man who needed help was one whose claims were paramount, even though he belonged to a hostile and rival people, he necessarily struck at the fiercely exclusive spirit of patriotism, and yet what would patriotism mean without *anything* exclusive in it, without any disposition to prefer one cause to another, and that, too, solely on the ground that it is more closely bound up with all your personal associations and most cherished memories?

And of course, when our Lord made such unmeasured demands on human self-denial, when he told his disciples that unless they left father and mother and houses and lands to follow him, unless they would go and sell all that they had to follow him, unless they would omit even the taking leave of their friends and the last rites to a father to follow him, they could not truly be his disciples, a blow was necessarily struck at the heart of the honourable self-esteem and personal pride and dignity which fill so high a position in the Pagan ethics, — for Christ asked what was virtually equivalent to the *absorption* of the outward individual lot, with all its duties and incidents, into a class of demands upon it which emptied it of its individual colour and all personal significance. Mr. Knight, in his estimate of the Christian ethics, says, we think with great truth, though it is a truth now not often recalled,

that "the sins of hatred, malice, vindictiveness, and perfidy are branded with a far deeper stigma than those due to the frailty of the flesh or the impulse of sudden passion." And why is it so? Evidently because these sins of "hatred, malice, vindictiveness, and perfidy" imply not merely a wandering from God, but a fixed attitude of heart hostile to the divine love for man, while sins which come of the frailty of the flesh, or the impulse to sudden passion, only imply absence of mind from God, not hostility of heart towards him. Indeed, the latter may come of mere flexibility to human influence, while the former imply a positive struggle against divine influence, — the latter are due to a deficiency of religious spirit, the former to an actively irreligious spirit. But here, again, the tendency of the Christian ethics is the same, — to break down the strong and very convenient partitions between the different spheres of human duty; to make more of sins which imply inaccessibility to the secret divine influence than of sins which throw human relations into confusion; — to make many sins which before were called by such titles as justifiable party-spirit, honourable animosity engendered of *esprit de corps* "disinterested" sectarian zeal, turn, under the light of Christian teaching, black with diabolical wrath; while many sins which really humiliate the sinner far more, and make him feel more utterly worthless and evil in his own eyes, because they obliterate for him the definite limits of his own duty and responsibility, and degrade him in the sight even of his friends, appear, under the same light, comparatively pardonable and redeemable. The Christian ethics necessarily make lighter of those sins which do not absolutely set the heart against God, even though they seem to make much more havoc of the order of human society, than of those which fortify the soul in its own petty egotism, vanity, and self-importance. And naturally enough, therefore, Christianity has been pronounced relatively unfavourable to individual pride and self-respect and social order and convenience, and relatively favourable to those subduing and overpowering sins of impulse and passion which leave the heart and will prostrate, and ready to welcome heartily the free grace of God. We should hold, therefore, that the statement is undoubtedly true that Christianity does *relatively* undervalue the kind of virtues on which Pagan ethics insisted most strongly, — those which assume the complete limitations of certain human spheres of duty,

and insist on a somewhat exclusive fidelity to personal claims, family claims, party claims, patriotic claims, at the cost of those wider and usually fainter demands on our charity which only the spirit of the divine love can make real to us. Undoubtedly, Charity, as St. Paul, for instance, delineates it, is more or less dangerous to that narrower, stronger, and, in a limited sense, manlier conception of human duty, which the highest Pagan moralists, Aristotle, for instance, regarded as the noblest attainable.

But we should altogether deny that Christianity is destructive of the characteristic Pagan virtues, though it relegates them to their proper place, and indicates the limits beyond which they ought not to bind the soul. Nothing is more remarkable in our Lord's teaching than the emphasis with which he insists on a wise calculation of spiritual opportunity, and the clearness with which he defines his own highest lessons as intended for the cases where the deeper moral and spiritual relations between man and man are either in existence or at all events, likely to be called into existence by the insight and enterprise of spiritual magnanimity. Such teaching as "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine," and the express command to "count the cost" before action, seem anxiously intended to limit the higher exercises of spiritual self-denial and self-oblivion to those relations of life in which there are at least openings for a perfect mutual understanding. "Resist not evil," "If any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also," are clearly intended only for those cases in which the readiness to suffer rather than defend yourself may be seen to proceed out of a genuine love for the author of the injury. If such readiness could only be interpreted as due to mere cowardice, or a distrust of the right of your own case, or to anything but the highest affection, it would be worse than useless, mischievous. Now we think it would be very easy to show that in the case of ordinary men there are but few persons towards whom these highest spiritual relations are possible. And we know that these higher teachings of Christianity apply *most* perfectly, at all events, to the most intimate relations of life. We admire the wife who can endure everything from the husband, the husband, — if it be not from any want of manly qualities, but from pure devotion, — who can endure anything from the wife; and we all admit that the highest order of

characters is able to take up these intimate relations towards a much larger social circle than characters of lower calibre, and therefore is justified in assuming, as our Lord did, a tenderer tone towards comparative strangers. But we maintain that the obligatory character of this class of the Christian virtues is entirely conditional on the power to feel, and make others feel, the kind of affection which altogether over-rides what is termed our duty to ourselves, and that it does not apply at all where this is obviously impossible. In fact, Christianity rather softens the edges of the Pagan virtues, by suggesting a number of cases in which some higher relation intervenes and overpasses their limits, than undermines their importance within their own proper sphere. Take the principle of Christian non-resistance as applied to the condemnation of even purely defensive war. We should be far from saying that an ideal nation was not *conceivable* in which absolute non-resistance of the Christian kind was perfectly possible, and, if possible, a spiritual duty of the highest kind, because it would result in subduing the very spirit of the invader. No one, we suppose, doubts but that if a nation ever existed in which the spirit of Christ had really entered into almost every member of the community, such a nation might practise non-resistance to a vainglorious invader, and reap the highest fruits of Christian promise. But no one in his senses doubts that the non-resistance of any existing nation could not be of that sort, but must be an infinitely lower thing than manly resistance, and certain to issue in an infinitely worse result for both invader and invaded. The reason simply is that such non-resistance could not proceed out of the highest spirit; and as a *policy* it would be due, if it could be carried out at all, to some vulgar calculation of selfish expediency or still vulgarer cowardice, and would result in brutality on one side, and craven craft and treachery on the other. The Christian ethics are the highest ethics, but they rest confessedly, as we believe, on the opportunity for the higher spiritual relations.

From The Saturday Review.

THE ENGLISH OF THE PRAYER-BOOK.

It jars a little on our commonly received notions of human progress when we hear, as we ever and anon do hear, of this or that art being lost from among men. Some

process of human skill by which men could once produce some class of useful or ornamental objects, nay, perhaps some more dignified process of saving or destroying men's lives, has utterly perished and been forgotten. Now among these lost arts it is painful to have to reckon the art of making prayers. That art has been going down ever since the sixteenth century. In fact, as far as we Englishmen are concerned, it may be said to have existed only during a few years in the middle of the sixteenth century. There was one short moment in our ecclesiastical history when we were left wholly to ourselves, to the dictates of our own insular wisdom, when we had got rid of Rome and not yet let in Geneva. It is a thing to be noticed that our first Prayer-Book, our most truly English Prayer-Book, did not contain the Daily Exhortation which is sometimes irreverently spoken of as "Dearly Beloved." At the other end, too, it did not contain that marvellous prayer for the Queen's Majesty which sounds as if its author, having raised Queen Elizabeth almost to the level of Deity, was puzzled to find words yet more exalted for the invocation of Deity itself. Nor did it contain that other prayer which seems to class among "great marvels" the possibility of clergy and people each doing their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them. Some people have ventured to think that, now that there is a talk of shortening the Services, the best way of shortening Morning and Evening Prayer would be to get rid of the later excrescences which have grown on to them at both ends. But these are matters which are too high for us, and we will not risk ourselves a step further in the way of discussing them. We wish to look at the Prayer-Book, not as a matter either of theology or of ecclesiastical law, but as a matter of the English tongue.

On the whole, there is for us no English like the English of the Prayer-Book, and, next to that, no English like that of our translation of the Bible. Both were made at a happy moment. They belong to that exact stage of our language which is archaic enough to be venerable, but not so archaic as to be generally hard to understand. Being the only writings of their own age which are thoroughly familiar to every one, they seem to have a character of their own, a sort of personal existence apart from other writings which does not belong to them in their own nature. We feel towards them in a way in which the men of the sixteenth century could not

have felt towards them. But our feeling, if in some sort the result of accident, is none the less real and healthy. It is a great thing to have a monument of that fresh and vigorous stage of our language familiar to every ear and every tongue. But that is not all; the English of the Prayer-Book has something more than the incidental merit of representing a very happy stage of the language. The men who used it knew thoroughly well what they were about; they knew how to adapt their language to the particular purpose for which it was meant. The sixteenth century was an age of long-winded sentences; but we find no long-winded sentences in the original portions of the Prayer-Book; and the authors of the Prayer-Book understood in its perfection one art which we will not say is wholly lost, but which it is certain that a vast number of people do not understand or care for. We mean the art of prose rhythm. Many people seem to put together their sentences anyhow; they either do not think about the matter at all, or only think how they may drag in the longest words. But here and there you find a writer who weighs every syllable that he writes, to whom a syllable too much or too little is as painful in a prose sentence as in a stanza of verse, and to whom a thoughtless change of a rhythmically built sentence is as grating to the ear as a false quantity in a hexameter or iambic verse. There is some mysterious law in these matters which we are not philosophers enough to throw into the shape of any definite precepts, but about which a careful writer feels by instinct when it is obeyed and when it is broken. Now among men who thoroughly knew what rhythm was we must give a high place to the makers of our Prayer-Book, and, above all, to the authors of the older translation of the Book of Psalms. They knew what people nowadays seem to forget, that what they wrote was meant to be said or sung. They therefore by an unerring instinct threw it into a form in which it really could be said or sung. A modern Archbishop's occasional prayer may be a very devout and orthodox composition, it may be a first-rate example of the art of fine writing, but it is about as fit to be said or sung as an article in the *Daily Telegraph* or the speech of a Duke at an agricultural meeting. In fact, when we read of some political magnate expressing "the enormous satisfaction" with which he sets forth the "magnificent demonstration of such a concourse of people," we get a dim

feeling of a vastness and stateliness which is something more than ducal, almost archiepiscopal. We have no notion by what process either lordly speeches or archiepiscopal prayers are put together, but we have read somewhere of some part of Great Tartary where they have a praying-machine which pulls out prayers by the yard, or whatever may be the proper measure for reckoning the length of a prayer in an agglutinative language. We have seen in our own country a mill which turned out Latin verses, and we cannot help thinking that some machinery of the same kind is busily at work in turning out various specimens of language, spiritual and temporal. For our part we have no hope, unless we could see our way to conjuring up a man of the sixteenth century to make our prayers for us. Failing that, we would suggest that we should give up a task which has proved utterly hopeless, and should content ourselves with the undoubted truth that nothing ever yet happened for which it was not easy to find an appropriate psalm. This brings us back to our former point. How much rhythm tells in the matter is shown by the fact that we still keep in use the translation of Psalms which was made in the time of Henry the Eighth. No one doubts that the translation of James the First's time is, as a matter of Hebrew scholarship, an incomparably better translation. No one doubts that in the older version many passages are quite wrongly rendered, and that some are quite unintelligible. Yet the reviewers of Charles the Second's time, when they ordered the Epistles and Gospels to be changed to the new translation, did not think of applying the same rule to the Psalms. And, as far as we know, no one wishes for any such change now. Indeed the later version is hardly ever used at all; no one ever quotes it except as a text for a sermon. And why? Because every one feels that, whatever may be its faults in other ways, the older version is a noble piece of English, and that it is specially suited for its special purpose, that of being said or sung. Every verse of the older version is rhythmical; the music is ready made. The more correct version of King James' translators it would be hopeless to try to sing; the thing could not be done; the clauses are not built for the purpose. As for any further attempts at improvement in our own day, we shudder to think of them. A closer approach to the exact meaning of the Hebrew would be dearly purchased if "the round world and all that therein is" should be changed

into "the terraqueous globe and the entirety of its contents."

We have been led into this train of thought by a document purporting to be a scheme for the reform of the Athanasian Creed. We have by some chance stumbled on it in a report of the proceedings of the Convocation of York, but which we have no doubt has been laid before the Convocation of Canterbury also. The document is a report signed by five Bishops — those of London, Winchester, Gloucester and Bristol, Ely, and Chester. Now let us ask our readers to look for a moment at the Creed, or whatever it is to be called, which has just now once more become the subject of so much controversy, from an unusual point of view. We ask to be allowed to be for awhile neither theological, nor historical, nor critical. We will say not a word as to the dogmas which the Creed sets forth, or as to the wisdom of fencing them in with anathemas. We will be for the nonce wholly indifferent whether it is a work of the time of Constantius or a work of the time of Charles the Great. We will not hearken to any discussions as to the authority of this or that manuscript, or as to the critical value of this or that reading. We will look at the English version of the Creed, as it stands in our Prayer-Books, simply as a piece of English. As such it is beyond all praise; nothing was ever yet put together more thoroughly suited to be said or sung. It is hardly possible to read it without being irresistibly tempted to the act of saying or singing. The rhythm of every clause is perfect; there is not a syllable too much or too little; crowded necessarily as it is with technical terms of theology, it is wonderful to see how they have been caught and broken in and made to play their part in a piece of English which for its own purpose is altogether unsurpassed. When the Creed is properly sung by a well-trained choir, a heretic himself could almost submit to be cursed in a formula of such majestic harmony. And now let us see what our five Bishops propose to do. They may have, for aught we know, good reasons enough as concerns the Latin text, but they are going to destroy an altogether perfect piece of English. They begin in the very first verse; "*whosoever will be saved,*" is to be "*whosoever willetlh to be saved.*" Now the five Bishops who laid their heads together had not any one of them ear enough to feel that their proposal gives two syllables too much, and utterly ruins the rhythm of the first clause. The next change is, if possible, worse. "*Everlastingly*" is to be changed into

"eternally." The reason of this change is wholly beyond us; if any theological difference lurks between the two words, if "eternally" is supposed to be a milder formula than "everlastingly," we are too dense to follow so subtle a distinction. But we do see that a Latin word is needlessly put in the place of an English one, and that a wonderful piece of rhythm is utterly swept away. It shows how every rule has its exceptions—it shows the instinctive delicacy of ear of the English translators of the Creed—that, while in this verse it would be ruin to put the Latin word instead of the English, yet in that place of the Creed where the Latin word is found, to replace it by the English would be, to say the least, no improvement. Then we come to the clause which contains the word "incomprehensible," a long foreign word, and used in an unusual sense, but which yet, by some lucky chance, gives exactly the rhythm that is wanted. The five Bishops propose to substitute "infinite"; if a rubric be added to say that the accent is to be laid on the second syllable the change may be just borne, but even then the majestic roll of the longer word will be lost. And, if the word be sounded as it commonly is, the whole music of the clause will vanish utterly. And so the thing goes on; a number of small changes are proposed which may likely enough, as in the case of the Psalms, more correctly represent some more correct Latin text, but which are so many death-blows to the hymn *Quicumque vult* as a piece of English to be said or sung. Lastly, the last clause of all is to stand thus:—"This is the holy and Catholic Faith, which every man who desireth to attain to eternal life ought to know wholly and to guard faithfully." No doubt, as far as regards the matter, the new formula is a considerable softening down of the old one, but the one can be sung and the other cannot; and, as all Psalms and Hymns should be pointed as they are to be said or sung in churches, we should ask the five Bishops where we are to put the point in a sentence almost as long as a German sentence in the old-fashioned *Kanzleystyl*. We see that in the debates of the Northern Convocation the announcement of these proposed changes was immediately followed by a proposal by the Dean of Chester and the Bishop of Ripon to get rid of the Creed altogether in public worship. Perhaps, if it is to be mauled in this ruthless way, its friends as well as its enemies may be less keen to make a fight on its behalf.

But the question is only part of a more

general one. There may be good reasons, theological or other, for changes either in the Prayer-Book or in the translation of the Bible; but those who are set on such a delicate task should at least remember that what they are handling is, whatever else it is, one of the most precious possessions of Englishmen, a monument of their native speech which forms no small part of their national heritage. No doubt our received translation of the Bible might in many places be improved. We do not say a word against any such improvement; but, with such examples as we have before us, we do feel very great dread lest an indiscreet and unsympathizing meddling with compositions of the very highest order may take away something which, by association at least, is certainly not less valuable than a more minutely correct reproduction of the original.

From The Economist.

M. THIERS.

THE character of the present President of the French Republic is remarkable perhaps mainly for this, that he is the first ruling man who has appeared of his own kind. Should the idea of hereditary power perish in Europe, as many unprejudiced observers think it will, and should that idea be replaced by a system of election regulated mainly by great cities, as is again extremely probable, our children may see many men like him; but he is as yet the only man of his kind who has risen to supreme power over a great country. No American President has been in the least like him, and he is perhaps, of all men who ever attained *quasi*-regal power, the one who differs most entirely in all the characteristic features of his intellect from an ordinary King. He is indeed, in modern history, the only instance of a man essentially *littérateur* who has risen to independent power—power, we mean, beyond that of a member of a Cabinet—the only man whose inner belief has been that the policy of a great country could be successfully directed by mere brain, by a mind acting on its own impulses, without guidance from national feeling, or party feeling or steady flow of well understood political thought. The son of a locksmith, without a personal follower in France, the claim of M. Thiers, in his own eyes, to rule that country is that he is the ablest man in it; that he best of all men, can meet the difficulties of the hour by the expedients of the

hour; can best foresee, and devise, and persuade, and guide. There is no trace of the Sovereign about him, none of the Sovereign's dignity, or reticence, or belief in other things than ability; and yet he has all the self-confidence, the latent but immovable self-conceit—using the word in no depreciatory sense—which Prince Bismarck is said to have once declared to be the first characteristic of the great Sovereign caste. He really thinks himself competent to rule by force of his own mental power and nothing else; is in fact a journalist on the Throne, with all the merits, and, except perhaps one, all the defects we should expect from a man in that singular position. He has, to begin with, the journalist's intellectual fearlessness; frames a policy, or maintains a plan, exactly as he would if he had only to maintain his convictions on paper; when opposed trusts to his power of persuasion, of oratory, of logic, but displays at the same time a strong and separate will, which, mainly because it is so entirely self-derived, so completely independent of any force existing outside his own mind, imposes strongly on those with whom he comes in contact. M. Thiers, for instance, has no military experience, and extremely little knowledge of finance; but it is quite likely that his view of military reorganization, and his notion of financial policy, may prevail, just as under certain circumstances it is quite likely that the view of an Editor of the *Times*, or of any man of exceptional literary hold over the electors, might prevail in England. The definiteness and systematic clearness apt to belong to men who are advising without responsibility, pertain to all M. Thiers's views, and frequently give his policy an appearance of strength to which it is not entitled. When he says, for example, that France must "rally Catholicism" to her, or that "he will lean on no party," or that "nothing is possible except the Republic," he seems to be laying down the bases of a policy, whereas he has probably never even thought, but how to make his brilliant epigrams *work*, or considered the immense mass of opposing forces which will impede the realization of ideas so clear, so far reaching, and so independent of the practical necessities of political life.

It is, we believe, this literary tone of mind, this habit of thinking about a subject as if he were going to speak a speech or write an article about it, and not as if he were going to deal personally with the men and the interests involved, which gives M. Thiers his exceedingly serviceable

courage. For example, he believes, probably rightly, that the French army needs training in camp, and he has accordingly kept it in camp all the winter, thereby provoking extreme, and it may be even dangerous, discontent among the soldiers. The usual kind of ruler, knowing how weak a Provisional Government must be would have hesitated to do that, would have feared sickness and unpopularity and opposition; but M. Thiers gave the order as readily as he would have made a speech recommending it, and his act therefore creates the impression of security and power usually attaching only to the acts of long-established Governments. He is quite assured in his own mind that this is the right thing to do, and does it with as little hesitation as if great administrative acts no more involved consequences than clever speeches or stinging newspaper articles; as if somebody else than himself were to take the actual responsibility. He has, in fact, the confidence not of the statesman, but of the *littérateur*, and with a dangerous crisis on hand, drives down to a hostile Assembly with the cheeriest conviction that, once on his feet, he shall soon convince everybody that he is in the right. This kind of political courage, though not the real article, has much of its effect, more especially in M. Thiers, whose powers, though essentially literary, are in their way quite real, and who possesses one qualification not often found in that kind of man. He can do business. He may not comprehend the facts accurately, as in this matter of finance, but the moment he has determined on his line, he can give the needful orders, select the needful men, set the machine going in fact in the direction in which he wishes it to go. This capacity makes it much more easy to him to carry out his views than it would be, for example, to a man like M. Emile de Girardin to carry out his, and relieves him of his greatest danger—the opposition of professional men who do not consider his policy so much as his ability to give the orders they want, and understand their practical representations. He does not stumble over details, he is insatiably industrious, and he therefore succeeds in governing as a purely literary man would not do. This faculty may keep him in his place for years, and that will be an advantage to his country which needs rest; but it will not enable him to realize those epigrammatic ideas which with him stand for policies. We do not think he will be speedily overthrown, but we suspect France and Eu.

rope will find that many of his objects, will be as much and as little attained as that announced by Canning, when exactly in M. Thiers's manner he announced, after acknowledging the Spanish-American Republics, that he "had called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old." That sounded like statesmanship, as M. Thiers's ideas often do, and was, like many of those ideas, not a policy but only a political epigram.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
EASTER EGGS.

THE Parisian who, being absent from town at the new year, omitted to distribute *étrennes* among his acquaintances, views the approach of Easter with mingled feelings; for Easter is the season when sins of omission dating from the 1st of January must be atoned for by the gift of eggs, the size, quality, and price of which have been steadily on the increase for the last twenty years. One should always speak with respect of established institutions, and yet that is an interesting study which consists in watching how an institution at first costless develops by process of time into a very pretty little abuse with roots deep set and difficult to pull up. Originally there was no harm in Easter eggs. In the middle ages, when it was really prudent to do as the Church told one, and to practise abstemiousness during Lent, the present of an egg on Easter morning aptly symbolized the return to plenty and gastronomic freedom. It became the custom to paint the eggs with scriptural devices and edifying texts; and by-and-by the Church kindly took to blessing these eggs at so much apiece on the morrow of Good Friday. Most fifteenth and sixteenth century chroniclers wrote of the wholesale distribution of eggs to the poor of Paris on Easter Mondays by the King's bounty; but so early as the reign of Louis XI. it was found that real eggs were too costly, so eggs of dough were largely substituted, the King probably arranging the matter with his conscience by reflecting that money spent on thrashing Charles the Bold must be far more agreeable in the sight of Providence than money wasted in omelettes. As centuries rolled by and good traditions lapsed, the custom of royal egg-doles was discontinued, the exact period of the final abeyance being the reign of Henry III. When Henry IV. was in definitive possession of the throne it seems to have been

hoped by some Conservatives that there would be a revival of the egg largesses; but though the King was anxious that every one of his subjects should eat boiled fowl on Sunday, and though he was as open-handed as his Prime Minister allowed him to be, yet attempts on his life were too numerous for him to risk standing the better part of Easter Monday in the courtyard of the Louvre with egg baskets around him, and all the tag-rag and bob-tail of Paris filing up to receive these eggs at the hands of the royal almoners—as had been the custom with some of his predecessors. So the Duc de Sully informed a mob who came clamouring at his mansion in the Rue St. Antoine one Easter that the King had done more for the indigent in the few years he had been on the throne than any two other monarchs before him; and that to ask for eggs over and above the alms-money that was freely lavished by the State Treasurer on Maunday Thursday was nothing but frivolity and greed—"rien que folie et gourmandise." This was in 1603, and after this little is heard of Easter eggs for more than 170 years, though the practice of exchanging them between private persons probably continued in Paris, and certainly did so in the country, where the gift—in some provinces at least, those of Poitou and Anjou among them—came to bear a peculiar sense; the girl who accepted an Easter egg from a man being supposed to plight her troth to him and promise marriage before the feast of St. John.

At the beginning of Louis XVI.'s reign, however, egg offerings were revived on an enormous scale incidentally to the yearly cavalcade at Longchamps. This cavalcade arose from a visit which certain exalted ladies were in the habit of paying on Good Friday to the Longchamps nunnery, where the choral service in the chapel, conducted by young ladies selected for their good voices and carefully trained, was one of unusual attractiveness. By degrees the visitors brought their friends with them, then gentlemen; then the Court came; then the press of visitors became so large that special choral services were held on the Saturday of Holy Week, on Easter Sunday, and the two following days; until at length the cavalcade to Longchamps became as a yearly fair. Booths were erected, strolling players and dancing dogs congregated; instead of returning to Paris immediately after the service, the fashion arose of stopping to lunch rustically in the open air; and as hard-boiled eggs are the safest things to buy in a suburb, eggs,

bread-and-butter, and wine of Argenteuil soon grew into the staple bill of fare. During the Revolution the Longchamps nursery vanished, but the Longchamps fair continued, and it flourishes to this day, no longer as a thing for booths and egg picnics, but as a three days' drive to the Bois de Boulogne, in which the new spring fashions are worn for the first time, and everybody possessed of a barouche and horses airs them. As for the eggs, the yearly sale of them never once flagged after the Longchamps revival, for, though no longer eaten at Longchamps itself, they were retailed in annually increasing quantities for home consumption till time, human ingenuity, and the Second Empire between them brought them as an institution to the pitch of prosperity where thrifty Parisians groan to see them now.

For there is no disguising that they have become to many persons a tax, a burden, and a source of bitterness. So long as no further innovation was attempted than selling sugar eggs in lieu of genuine ones it was well; for a sugar egg even when coloured pink and filled with caraway comfits is not much to be alarmed at. But one day there appeared an artificer of woe who set himself to blowing out all the yolk and white from an egg, cutting the shell neatly in two, lining the halves with white satin, adapted them to each other on the screw-top system, and then putting a gold or a silver thimble inside. This was the first *œuf à surprise*. It looked like the real thing, and could be set by the donor in the donee's egg-cup without fear of detection, until at the critical moment when the spoon was going to crash through the top everybody round the table would cry out affectionately "Gare!" and pleasantly mystify the recipient. Of course this ingenious invention cost from twenty to fifty francs and found numerous imitators. Ducks', geese's, and swans' eggs were pressed into service as capable of containing not only thimble, but small scissors, needle-case, &c., and of being sold at from five to ten guineas. Then somebody asked why one should not put earrings, sleeve-links, or brooches into the eggs instead of thimbles; and this led to an enterprising jeweller drawing ahead of every one else by fitting up ostrich's eggs as work-boxes, scent-bottle stands, or jewel cases. This jeweller, who deserved well of his kind, worked in the Easter-egg trade the same sort of revolution as Victor Hugo and the "Romantiques" wrought in the drama. Up to that time it had been considered essential to keep up some semblance of respect for

probabilities, but from the ostrich-egg day probabilities were discarded. Eggs appeared measuring a foot in diameter — big chocolate and sugar eggs filled with sweetmeats, or monster eggs filled with toys; or, again, huge mahogany eggs, with brass mountings and feet, to stand up on end and act as liqueur receptacles. Then people used the Easter egg as a medium for giving presents which they would have had no good excuse for offering at other times; and also for paying off arrears of *dîrennes*. An august personage very gracefully sent one of his Ministers the insignia and patent of the grand cross of the Legion of Honor in an Easter egg; and the late merry Duc de Caderousse-Gramont presented an actress with the most stupendous egg on record: it was a colossal wooden thing, painted white, and containing a brougham. They conveyed it along the boulevards in a cart to the delight of admiring crowds, and it was the nine days' wonder of that Easter.

There must have been people who hoped that the collapse of the Empire would have entailed that of the Easter egg; but they were mistaken. This year the confectioners, jewellers, and nick-nack shops are as full of eggs as ever, and the only difference between to-day and two years ago seems to be that the tradesmen have drawn from their country's woes further inspiration in the way of egg contrivances, and have added about ten per cent. all round on the prices of former inventions. Thus, a Parisian bachelor who has dined out this winter, and feels himself bound to give eggs, has only to set out on a ramble of inspection, and he may choose either a stuffed hen, life size, sitting on a nest of twelve eggs, each containing a silver egg-cup; or a stuffed turkey, whose upper half comes off, and discloses a berceauette with baby's layette complete; or an unpretending pheasant's egg with an emerald ring inside; or, more unpretending still, a little wren's egg with a set of studs; or, if he be bent on gratifying a lady whose tastes are authorlike, a smooth ebony egg that slips into the pocket like a darning ball, and houses inkstand, pens, sand-horn, stamps, wafers, and pencil. To be sure, he may choose nothing, argue that he is not rich, that eggs are an abuse, that he emptied his pockets to feed his friends with sweetmeats at Christmas tide. But in this case he had better go and admire the monuments of London for a fortnight, or proceed to Rome to see whether the Holy week festivities there have degenerated; and when he returns he must

plead that he was called away by urgent private affairs. Even then, however, let him not be surprised if society watches him for some time with a cool and guarded eye as one inclined to make light of those beneficial observances which raise man above dumb brutes.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

NEW JAPANESE AND CHINESE TREATIES.

THE treaty recently entered into between China and Japan is significant as an indication of policy in regard to both. That two nations inhabiting countries so near to each other as China and Japan—both of Asiatic race and with many features in common—should for more than 2,000 years have maintained a policy of isolation towards each other, and now suddenly enter into close alliance, signing a treaty of reciprocity and equality, is a striking demonstration of the irresistible influence of modern intercourse and civilization in breaking down all barriers of race or religion. Since the days of the great Mongul conqueror, Kublai Khan—who twice in the thirteenth century sent forth a great armada for its conquest, from which few ever lived to return—the only intercourse between the two nations, after a long series of reprisals on the Korean coast from Japan, has been of the most restricted kind. A small colony of Chinese traders permitted to reside at Nagasaki, but carefully locked up every night within the wards of their settlement, and the admission of two or three Japanese junks at one, or sometimes two, ports in China, has been all the communication allowed for the last five centuries. And this is the more remarkable, since the Japanese a thousand years before had borrowed from the Chinese not only their written character, but their religion and philosophy, with such cultivation of their language and literature as Europe in the middle ages kept up with respect to the Greek and Roman classics. Now, each nation, abandoning its lofty pretensions of unapproachable dignity and isolation, has freely entered into relations of peace

and commerce on a footing of perfect equality. This, as regards all such pretensions, must be the beginning of the end; and in that, perhaps, lies its chief significance for Western Powers. With the Japanese it seems but the natural consequence of all the other startling innovations which have marked their national life during the past ten years. But it is different with China, which has neither accepted railroads, and telegraphs as necessary to the national progress and development, nor admitted in practice the nullity of their pretensions to supremacy in the governing hierarchy of the world. The settlement of the audience question must soon, however, tear away the last shred of this worn-out mantle of universal dominion; and it is a question the solution of which cannot much longer be deferred either in their interest or in ours, since delay tends to damage the position of foreign Powers, and to falsify the policy of the Chinese Government to their own peril. A new Russo-Japanese Treaty has been announced in the telegraphic notices from Berlin, and appeared in the *Times* of the 20th inst. We have reason to believe, however, that the correspondent has simply blundered in his intelligence, and mistaken a treaty concluded between China and Japan for one which has no existence with Russia. It is bad enough for the Japanese to have entered into something very like an alliance offensive and defensive with China, in a clumsy attempt to transfer to their treaty the Chinese version of the article in the American treaty, by which it is stipulated that, in the event of a war with any third Power, the good offices of America should be accepted. As between two countries like China and Japan, such mediation of the one on behalf of the other would have no meaning when a Western Power was in the field. And if, as the apocryphal summary from Berlin would indicate, there is any engagement for China and Japan to close their ports respectively to any Western belligerent making war on either, it is pretty sure to involve the neutral so acting in the quarrel, without possible benefit to one or the other, but much and certain damage.